

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1844.

Original.

WHY MUST WE BE HOLY?

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

Few men have ever existed, either in Christian or Pagan lands, who have disbelieved in a future state. Indeed, an Atheist—if such a being really exists—is an anomaly in the universe of God. Yet while the vast majority of mankind, in every age and clime, have assented to the doctrine of a future existence of pleasure or pain—dependent upon conduct here—in no one thing, perhaps, have they differed more than in the means which they have deemed necessary for the obtaining of the one, or the avoiding of the other.

Moloch and Juggernaut have demanded the immolation of human victims—a demand unhesitatingly complied with by their deluded votaries, as the price of future bliss. The Jew has placed his reliance upon an involuntary connection with the Father of the faithful. The Mohammedan trusts to the intercession of God's favorite prophet, whose services he expects to secure by a rigid compliance with the precepts of the Koran; while the nominal Christian has sought out many inventions and labored hard to make the declarations of God's word and his own inclinations coincide on this momentous subject.

But that word is plain and explicit. It declares, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

"Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb."

This holiness is not confined to mere external conduct. It goes beyond all outward manifestations of character, and requires internal purity—purity of *thought* as well as action. In short, it is *holiness of heart* that is required, and all else will be unavailing.

Is this demand an arbitrary one? Or has it a foundation in the nature of things? It will be my purpose to show that the latter of these, and not the former, is strictly and philosophically true; or that HOLINESS OF HEART is necessary, in the nature of things, to an entrance into heaven, and a participation of its enjoyments. This will appear evident from a consideration of the fact that heaven is a place of perfect happiness. God designed it to be the great centre of a holy moral universe. It

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is his own royal residence—the city of the great King. In order to secure perfect happiness to its inhabitants, it was absolutely necessary to exclude for ever all sin. Sin is the great, the only source of unhappiness in the universe of God. But sin does not consist in action *alone*. It may carry its pestilential and deadly influence in the heart long before it breaks out in open hostility and rebellion. It may lurk there, producing discontent, sullenness, gloom, and consequent unhappiness, long before it could be perceived by the most watchful eye; for the heart is open only to the inspection of the omniscient God. To prove that sin, and sin alone, is the cause of all unhappiness, we have only to look around us and witness the condition of society in this world. What is it that constitutes the happiness or misery of any community? I answer, virtue, or its absence. Let us take any community, remarkable for its purity—for the high-toned moral and religious sentiment which pervades its inhabitants, and we will always find a corresponding amount of happiness. The same is also true of nations. Do we seek for that nation whose citizens or subjects enjoy the greatest amount of real happiness, we may confine our search to those whose moral character stands most exalted; for it will ever be true that righteousness not only exalts a nation, but produces all the essential happiness found within its borders. The converse of this proposition is likewise true. What causes the misery of those communities where ardent spirits are freely used? Go to the vicinity of one of those outlets of perdition—a distillery. What causes the universal misery and degradation which surrounds it? The appearance would almost justify the belief that the flames of the *pit* had literally scathed and destroyed every vestige of domestic comfort and enjoyment. Is real happiness ever known in such a community? Ask the poor victim of the fatal cup if he is happy. A ghastly smile for a moment plays upon his countenance, as he swallows the intoxicating draught, either to satisfy the cravings of an insatiable appetite, or to drown the remembrance of some private grief in the forgetfulness of inebriation. Enter his miserable looking hovel. But mock not that desolate wife and those weeping children with the inquiry if they are happy. Unhappiness is depicted in every thing around. Every lineament of the countenance is but the bold outline of misery personified.

If sin be not the cause of this unhappiness, what

is? Is it holiness? Then heaven must be infinitely unhappy; for there all is holiness. There is no other cause adequate to produce it but sin. Between sin and misery there is an immediate and necessary connection. If a man takes fire into his bosom, or poison into his system, he is sure to suffer pain as a consequence. What the efficient cause is we cannot tell—we only know that such is the fact—or what adaptation there is in excessive heat to produce pain more than pleasure we know not. Every day's experience, however, convinces us of the fact. Now, we may not be able to ascertain the real cause of the connection between sin and suffering any more than between heat and consequent pain; yet the facts which establish the one are as numerous and undeniable as those which confirm the other. But God has not left us in entire ignorance of the relations subsisting between transgression and misery. The human mind is so constituted that it needs some superior being upon which to lean for support. The ivy cannot grow of itself. Its tendencies are upward. But it has not the power of self-support. Yet plant it by the side of the sturdy oak, and its tendrils fasten upon its protector with such tenacity that they stand or fall together. While the oak remains in its upright position, in vain will the fiercest blast attempt to prostrate the feeble climber. Let once the connection between the vine and the tree be severed, and the latter will stand in all his pride, resisting every storm, while the former will be disturbed with a gentle breeze. In some respects God is to the human soul what the oak is to the ivy. He is the support of the soul. While the creature retains his allegiance to him unbroken he has nothing to cause unhappiness. By this connection the happiness of God and the subject are, to some extent, united and reciprocal. Every desire of the soul is met and satisfied. The infinite benevolence and power of Jehovah is the security and pledge of its perfect and continued enjoyment. All its powers—all its susceptibilities—are called into delightful exercise, and all find perfect and entire satisfaction in him. But sin has come in and disturbed this harmony. It has broken and destroyed that delightful connection which before subsisted between God and the soul. It has not, however, destroyed those susceptibilities of the soul for happiness, or that want of self-confidence and desire for support which was implanted by its Creator, and which constitutes a part of its very existence. Those who have been so unfortunate as to lose a limb, tell us that they frequently feel, at the point of amputation, a sensation like the twitching of the nerves of the part amputated. The soul, in its wanderings from God, experiences a somewhat similar sensation. It feels a constant desire for something which is native to it, but yet

beyond its reach. That object is God; while in its separation from him it finds nothing which can satisfy its desires. The ivy when torn from the oak may cling for support to the nearest weed. But the support is feeble and of short duration; for when the frosts of winter come the frail object upon which it leaned is destroyed. So the soul may lean upon some earthly object—it may seek to transfer its affections from God to some fellow creature; but the support is unsatisfying and transitory. Often by the chill hand of death is it cut down.

It is impossible for the soul, in this state of separation from God, to enjoy permanent happiness. The child, when walking in a forest, enjoys every thing around it so long as the mother is near; for it feels no cause of anxiety or alarm. But let it be alone—let fear take possession of its breast—and all the things which before caused delight are passed by unnoticed. Uneasiness, consequent upon an apprehension of some unknown danger, precludes the possibility of calm and continued enjoyment. Yet let that child hear once more the kind voice of the parent, and all source of uneasiness is immediately removed.

The great object of the Gospel is to bring back the soul to its lost connection with God, and to remedy the evil effects of that wandering. Until this is effected, permanent happiness never can be found. That happiness—real, solid, enduring happiness—may be obtained by a return to God, we have the testimony of God's word—confirmed by the experience of those who have thus returned. If, then, happiness can be found only in God—in conformity to his character—and if heaven be a place of happiness, we can see at least one reason why holiness is necessary to its possession.

Again. *The society of heaven is holy.* Angels who have never sinned are there. The spirits of the just made perfect are there. God, in his unvailed glory, is there. With such inhabitants, it could not be otherwise than a holy society. Among these blest inhabitants are to be found those of different powers, and different capacities. We read in the Bible of angels, principalities, thrones, dominions, powers, &c.—all doubtless referring to the different orders of the celestial hierarchy. Throughout these celestial hosts one principle prevails, which binds each to each, and all to the throne of God—that principle is *sympathy*. Sympathy is the great bond which unites all society. But sympathy cannot exist between essentially different characters. The miser, in all pecuniary matters, can have no feelings in common with the man of liberal soul, whose hand is ever open to the calls of benevolence. Howard, the philanthropist, could have had no sympathy with Buonaparte. The one spent his time and his fortune, and even endan-

gered his own life in relieving the wants and woes of his fellow man. The other, to gratify ambition and lust of power, would have sacrificed a world to the Moloch which he worshiped. What sympathy could be supposed to exist between Washington, the patriot, and Arnold, the traitor? There was an essential—a radical difference between the characters of the two men, which most clearly developed itself in their respective courses of action. The one was wholly devoted to the welfare of his country—the other to the gratification of himself.

Let us now apply the same general principle to society and character in heaven. What concord can be expected between Christ and Belial? If it were possible for Satan, with his present character, to be reinstated in his former glory, what social happiness could he there enjoy? "Devil with devil damned firm concord hold." But what concord could subsist between the arch apostate and Gabriel, or any other of the sinless hosts? Could they take sweet counsel together? Could they harmonize in their plans and purposes? Could they together bow before the omniscient God, and offer worship with equal devotion and equal joy? The question scarcely needs a moment's reflection, to produce a negative answer in the mind of every one. *There is no sympathy subsisting between them.* The one makes the glory of God his supreme desire. Every action which he puts forth has that for its ultimate object. The other seeks his own self-aggrandizement, irrespective of the claims of God, or the happiness of those around him.

The minds of the heavenly inhabitants differ in respect to their intellectual powers and pursuits. The highest archangel can have but little intellectual fellow-feeling with the Christian who has just entered the sacred portals of bliss. Their intellectual intercourse must of necessity be limited. The same must also be true, at least to a considerable extent, of many others of the celestial inhabitants. In order that they should minister to each other's happiness, we have seen that they must sympathize with one another. This concordant feeling cannot spring from intellect—it cannot spring from knowledge. It must be the offspring of love. This principle is sufficient to unite the feeblest and the mightiest mind. This will cause the new-born soul to beat in unison with the eldest sons of heaven—to seek their company—to share in all their pursuits, and seek and promote their happiness; while it in return becomes the object of affection to the universe of holy mind. Supreme love to God, and impartial, sincere, and ardent love to all holy mind, is the distinguishing characteristic of the society of heaven.

Let, then, a man without holiness of heart be admitted within its sacred walls, and he would be

alone, although in the midst of millions. Go where he would amid the countless myriads of the blest, and neither seraph, nor archangel, nor any inferior intelligence could he find to sympathize with him. The miser could find no gold there to satisfy his morbid appetite, unless he attempted to tear up the pavements of the celestial city. The man of pleasure would find all the sources of his enjoyment cut off; and while the desire remained insatiable, not one thing could be found to minister to his gratification. His strong social propensities and feelings remain. But he is like a man in a strange land. He indeed sees the inhabitants, and hears them speak, but knows not what they say. He has never learned the language of Canaan. He cannot, therefore, communicate his wants, nor enter into the social pleasures of those around him. To wander thus *alone*—to meet with no familiar countenance—to see all around enjoying themselves to the utmost extent of their capacities, without the possibility of participating with them in the common happiness—and in addition, to be shunned and avoided by all those pure spirits as a moral pestilence, breathing contagion and death—this—this would be the lot of that soul who, without holiness, should enter heaven. How dreadful such a condition! How necessary, then—how perfectly consistent with the happiness of all concerned—is the declaration of the Bible, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



UNAVOIDABLE INFLUENCE.

THE fact that all who live are exerting an influence which will be felt when they are dead, is a circumstance which invests the present state of our being with immense importance, and connects with the existence of every individual inconceivably interesting consequences. And it calls upon you to determine where you will stand, and how you will exert your influence. But let it be understood that the appeal which it makes is not to any unholy aspiration after human applause, but directly to the conscience, to the inherent sense of right and wrong, to that which lays the foundation for all virtuous action. You will have influence, whether you desire it or not. Your influence will be felt, whether you intend it shall be or not. It is felt even now, in whatever circle you move. It will teach another generation, and still another, and will go on widening and extending even after your name is forgotten. It will pass beyond the limits of time, and stretching on through eternity, will appear in the everlasting songs of heaven, or in the wailings of despair.—*Lathrop.*

Original.

THE ITINERANT.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the works of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—ST. PAUL.

THERE is, perhaps, no situation calculated to impress the mind with a deeper or more salutary sense of the changes and vicissitudes of life than that of the itinerant preacher. Besides having himself no "abiding place," he is called upon to witness the changes and sympathize with the sorrows of a new community each year. The young disciple is sent out on his first mission at a time of life when his Christian zeal is warmest and his natural sympathies the most lively. His destination, over which he has no control, does not always fall in "pleasant places." On arriving at his station he may perhaps find outward things unsuited to his taste; also, the state of his Church may be such as to fill him with inward disquietude. His people may be lukewarm, and without religious sensibility. Here he feels he shall have much to suffer and little to enjoy. Yet "he has a great work to do." He arouses himself to fulfill his mission, and straightway preaches the Gospel with all earnestness and godly simplicity, and trusting in *Him* whom he serves for the "quickening of the Spirit" in his own good time. He labors on month after month, perhaps, without any encouragement—his words seem to have fallen upon their ears without profit. But perhaps at the eleventh hour, and near the close of his term, some one poor lost sheep is brought into the fold, and over him he rejoices as do the angels over "repentant sinners." Another, and yet another, is awakened. His heart now burns within him in behalf of his people—he trusts that their salvation is nigh—that this is the beginning of good things—the earnest of a blessed revival. But just as his labors are to be rewarded they are at an end. Another will reap where he has sown. The year has revolved, his term is out, and he is again called to go—he knows not whither. Still he "goes on his way rejoicing," that the fire has been kindled before he leaves them, and he prays that it may run from heart to heart until there remain not a Laodicean worshiper amongst them. Such is the devoted, self-denying life of the true disciple of Wesley. But, alas! "all are not Israel who are of Israel."

Many years ago, and when the Methodists were few and scattered, and looked upon as a fanatic and "peculiar people," I visited one of the interior villages of New England, which, like most other places in the land of the Puritans, was remarkable for its strict observance of the Sabbath, especially in those places where the Presbyterians

prevailed, as was the present case. That sect observed each Sabbath as a sort of *half fast day*—their two first meals being always spare, and, like the Jewish Passover, "eaten in haste"—their dinner, even in winter, presenting nothing warm but the tea or coffee—meats they had none. There is no idle conversation while partaking this frugal fare, and no lingering at the board when they have done. Now again they repair to the afternoon meeting; and here every thing is conducted with such sanctimonious ceremony, that one scarcely dare turn the eye in any other direction than that of the pulpit. And when the services are over, and the congregation dismissed, there are no greetings at the door; for these really good people think nothing is *reverently* done on the Sabbath that is not done with *quietness* as well as order. The religious duties of the day being over, each young eye instinctively turns to the west, to see how high the sun yet is; for when it shall have sunk below the horizon, *holy time* will be over—the household will resume its occupations, and the whole current of life again flow on without restraint. Then, too, they partake of an abundant and cheerful meal, after which, perhaps, the old lady takes her knitting work, and the old gentleman the newspaper, whilst the young ladies are sitting in the parlor expecting their attendants to escort them to conference meeting. This is marked by none of the stiffness of the day meeting. These customs were all new to me; for at the time of my visit I knew little of the usages of any other Church than the one in which I had been educated—the Episcopal. Of the Methodists I knew nothing. I had never seen but one of their preachers—Lorenzo Dow; and his personal peculiarities I supposed common to the sect.

In this village they had a small frame church, near the bank of the river. This house was carried away by a freshet during my visit, and floated, apparently uninjured, into Long Island Sound—a distance of some fifteen miles. After this loss, that society was obliged to hold their meetings in private houses; and although the sect was less numerous, they were no less zealous than at the present day. Their meetings were now held in the midst of the village; and as it is a matter of course that wherever there is found a zealous Methodist minister there will be *some noise*, curiosity was excited, and many would linger around the house to listen who neither desired or dared to enter it. At length a number of young fashionable girls formed the design of attending one of their evening meetings, for the ostensible purpose of learning some of their tunes, but in reality to gratify their curiosity as to their mode of worship. I was invited to join with them, but declined. As this scheme was to be carried into effect *without* the knowledge of their

parents, one after another gave out, until there remained but *three* hardy enough to follow it up. They were all young and gay, full of life and laughter; and they were somewhat fearful that they should not be able to restrain themselves so as to behave with proper decorum whilst there. Still they did go; but they were sobered before they came out. And when I saw them the next day, they appeared disturbed and uneasy, and said they were sorry that they had not, like myself, staid away. All the people, they said, had frowned upon them, and the minister *prayed* for them.

The room where the meeting was held was small, so that they were distinctly seen as they entered, and their dress and deportment made their motives in coming distrusted at once. They had previously agreed to join in the singing; and when the first hymn was given out, they all turned and looked upon each other and laughed slyly, not irreverently, but to signify that they must all strike in at once. This was misunderstood by those around them, and soon all eyes were resting reproachfully upon them. The preacher, too, looked at them earnestly, but they thought less harshly than the rest. He was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, and his dress was more conformed to the primitive Methodists than is that of the young preachers of the present day. The plain way in which he wore his hair, the absence of any thing approaching to fashion, and the cut of his coat, all proclaimed him a true Wesleyan. He was as zealous as he was plain, and preached the Gospel with great earnestness. When he made his closing prayer, he forgot not the intruders. He prayed, if there were any in that little assembly who knew not God, and would incline to make a mock of holy things, that the Lord would forgive them; "for," said he, "they know not what they do;" and lest the enemy of souls might get the dominion over them, he prayed that the Savior might cast upon them the look that he cast upon Peter, and that, like him, they might go out and "weep bitterly," and finally become his true disciples. This prayer, which was breathed with the pathos of deep feeling, touched them, and left a lasting impression upon their hearts. Years after, one of them acknowledged to me that she doubted not it had had a conservative influence upon her life during those years when the young spirits are most apt to lead the heart astray.

My readers well know that, according to the system of Methodist itinerancy, it not unfrequently happens that after a lapse of years the same individual may be again sent to the same station. It is then that he feels the most painfully the mutability of human things. He gazes around, and all things wear a strange look—old faces have passed away—old landmarks have been removed—even

the sanctuary in which he used to worship is gone; and although its place is now supplied with a larger and better, his spirit is still saddened when he enters it, for he finds himself in a congregation of strangers—"a generation has arisen that know not Pharaoh." We are more reconciled to the changes that take place under our own eye than those which occur during absence. Presented in detail they affect us less; but when the changes of many years, amongst a people for whom our deepest sympathies have once been awakened, are summed up, and presented in the aggregate, they become overwhelming. And thus it was with our itinerant. This had been his first station. Here he had labored with all the zeal of a new convert, and had, as we have seen, left his people just as they were awaking from their long slumber of spiritual indifference. Fifteen years afterward, by the appointment of his bishop, he again finds himself there. The hills and the river, with here and there a substantial edifice, are still the same—all things else have changed. The population has doubled—the Methodists quadrupled. The village has now become a city, and all outward things wear the appearance of prosperity.

But there are other changes, not visible to the eye, in many instances. The poor have changed places with the rich, and sickness and affliction have been at work, and death has been no respecter of persons. Our preacher inquires for his *three intruders*, and his heart is pained, while his spirit is made glad by the answer. One had been many long years resting in the Christian's grave—another was in the hospital for the insane, her mind having become unsettled by studying too deeply the prophecies, and searching into the hidden things of God. These had both become decidedly pious before they were twenty years old; and although neither of them became Methodists, they were both awakened to religious things by the faithful and fearless prayer of that young itinerant. The third one, he learned, was still unconcernedly clinging to the world. He prayed that she might yet be cleansed, and, like the leper, turn and give thanks to God. He was cheered, and measurably satisfied in the thought that he had been instrumental in turning *two* out of three from the error of their ways. And as they had been unwilling hearers, he said to himself, "I must never, under any circumstances, neglect to admonish 'in season and out of season.'"

But these trials are trivial, and only noticed as recollections; for they bear no proportion to what may be accounted "sufferings" for "righteousness' sake." The time we trust is passed for ever—at least amongst Christian nations—when persecution shall arise against the preachers of "Jesus and him crucified;" for however sects may

disagree in points of doctrine, none surely can claim the title of Christian who are hostile to the spread of the Gospel, and to its teachers. And it must be a consoling reflection, (thanks be to the *itinerancy of grace*!) that it has been already spread so far; and, still more, that its influences shall, with the blessing of God, henceforth not be measured by districts and lands, but that the good spirit of faith, imparted from father to son, may go on to people our hemisphere, even to its western borders, with light and life. Many savage tribes, we rejoice to learn, are even now "coming in." And may their evangelization and civilization be simultaneous and co-extensive! And may not it be a fair hope that those who have accepted the "temperance pledge" at other hands, may, at their's, accept a "pledge" of far greater importance—even that which shall preserve "both body and soul" eternally! The time may not be distant when, as our young traveler would read his map, and retrace his journeyings, he shall see no *dark* spot thereon; and as far as population shall have penetrated, so far shall the "ark" have been borne by the hands of a faithful, devoted, and persevering *itinerancy*.

AUGUSTA.

Original.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

I SEARCHED along the pearly shore,
Where India's silvery waves had beat,
And turned each gem and diamond o'er,
To find the source of bliss complete:
The search was vain—not on its fairy ground,
Nor 'neath its deep blue waves could it be found.

The coral's home in turn was sought,
Amid the deep Pacific's bed,
Where, with the noiseless step of thought,
Those cluster isles first raised their head;
But not upon their dark and treacherous base
Was found the priceless jewel's hiding place.

Far off, in glowing southern lands,
Upon an ever-verdant plain,
Where waters flow o'er golden sands,
I sought again, but sought in vain:
Though *golden shores* illumed each passing wave,
The precious gem their waters could not give!

With impress of celestial birth,
At length I found the welcome boon;
Though tarnished by th' adhering earth,
A heavenly lustre round it shone—
Soft whispering voices spoke its lasting fame,
And FRIENDSHIP was the priceless jewel's name.

Original.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

'Twas evening. On Judea's vine-clad hills
The sun's declining rays yet lingered,
The olive groves, the clusters of the vine,
Gleam'd in the fading light, and brighter seem'd
By the soft light of the retiring day.
The gales of even sported 'mong the leaves,
The streams sent forth their strains, lulling each
sense,

And waking thoughts worthy of Eden's bow'rs,
There, in the distance, stood old Carmel's hill,
All clad with fig-trees, and the blooming vine,
Whose fragrant odors, and whose cooling shades,
Invited contemplation and repose.

Far off, in grandeur, Lebanon arose—
Its cedars, lost in clouds, wav'd in the wind,
And woke wild murmurs and unearthly sounds,
Which peal'd like music in the hush of night,
And melody was breathed in every strain.
Hermon, the vine-clad hill, lent to the scene
Enchantment—lent delight. Old Jordan's rush
Blended with Kedron's pensive murmuring:

Its flower-strewn bank sent up its rich perfume,
Whose fragrant lilies, with their beauteous tints,
Contrasted with the rose of Jericho.
'Twas the calm hush of eve—all round was still:
Nature herself seemed hush'd to deep repose,
Save the low melody of sighing winds—
The pure sweet harmony of heav'n's own harp—
The rush of distant torrents, borne along
On the light breeze, through groves of date and
palm,

Then in the plain died noiselessly away.
But now behold! Up Calvary's rugged steep
Two men, in senatorial garb, ascend;
Their mien is sad, and solemn is their pace,
As on they press up to its loftiest height.
Dejection deep hangs on each gloomy brow,
And scarce their manhood could repress their tears.
The height is gain'd—before them stands a cross—
On it a victim, pale, and cold, and dead,
Yet peaceful as in slumber.

On his brow
A crown of thorns, as if in mockery,
Wreath'd in derision for a diadem.
Though pierced and bleeding, yet compassion play'd
Upon the still, pale features of the dead.
'Twas he the Jews in scorn call'd Nazarene,
Who here, upbraided, hung unsepulchr'd.

Still night was closing round,
Darkness was mingling with the tints of day;
For night and silence gazed upon the scene—
Companions meet for such a scene as this.
Day fled from it amazed—a sight so dark

Ne'er burst upon it since creation's birth,
 When suffering Love, expiring on the tree,
 Proclaim'd to man a love as strong as death.
 The nobles look with awe upon the scene—
 A scene from which the sun himself shrunk back.
 Then circling all the corse in snowy folds,
 They bear it slowly, silently away.
 They reach a tomb untenanted before,
 And there in silence now the dead is laid—
 Laid, as they thought, to seek its kindred dust,
 And be awaked but by the trump of God.
 And now the last sad offices are paid,
 The tomb is closed, the twain have left the spot,
 Musing upon the virtues of the dead.
 Now up the steep a Roman guard ascends,
 Full armed in all the panoply of war,
 With banners flying, as to meet the foe—
 To watch the sleeper in his place of rest.
 Their spears and helms flash in the moon's pale
 beams,
 As slow, yet firm, they seek the rocky tomb.
 The watch is set—night flies on leaden wing—
 Longer to them than on the battle plain,
 Amid the strife and stern alarms of war;
 For men who've kept their vigils in the camp,
 Tremble to stand where death and silence reign.
 But, lo! the east is ting'd with thousand dyes—
 The groves again to harmony awake—
 Darkness recedes—light beams on all things fair,
 And radiant morn bursts on the joyous earth.
 The sleeper moves not yet—the monster's grasp
 Clutches him still, and all within the tomb
 Speaks of the silence, calm, and gloom of death.
 Satan exults—his victory seems secure—
 Saints tremble, and the lonely twelve despair.
 The sun is sinking in the west again,
 And yet the tenant of the tomb is still.
 The soldiers' crests reflect his fading rays,
 And sable night begins her gloomy reign.
 Now in the star-lit vault the moon appears,
 Shedding her soft, pure light o'er hill and stream,
 And gleaming brightly on each glittering spear
 That guards the silent dwelling of the dead.
 'Tis midnight! but the chain is still unbroke
 Which binds the victim to his narrow home.
 Hope droops, and even expectation fails,
 And faith has turned in anguish from the scene.
 Day is at hand—the listless warriors now
 Lean on their swords, impatient for the dawn,
 And wonder why brave men should watch the dead,
 Or circle thus with arms the sepulchre.
 But lo! they reel—they grasp their swords in vain:
 An angel's hand hath smote them, and a shock
 Vast as an earthquake's rolls the stone away.
 Death struggles now; but life has overcome,
 And vanquish'd him within his own domains.
 The dead now lives—a captive now no more—
 He rises! but to rule o'er all his foes—

He lives to cheer his friends—give smiles for gloom—
 Each tear to dry—each pang and pain to soothe—
 A foretaste slight of joys, far purer joys,
 Reserved for them at his right hand above.
 The weeping few rejoice—the Lord is ris'n—
 The grave has lost its pow'r—he lives—he lives—
 The first fruits of the dead—to die no more.
 O tremble, grave! thy conq'ror is our King—
 He lives—we, too, shall live, near to his throne:
 Thy reign is past—thou canst not bind our race—
 The victory is ours—be God's the praise.

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Original.

THE SAVIOR.

BY HARLEY GOODWIN.

—
 "Whom having not seen ye love."—1 PETER I, 8.
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Tho' we have not seen the Savior,
 Yet we do adore and love;
 And tho' now we cannot view him
 Seated on the throne above,
 Yet, believing,
 Is our joy ineffable.

All his character was lovely,
 Spotless, innocent, and pure—
 Meekness shone in all his actions,
 While he insults did endure;
 Yet, undaunted,
 He rebuked his proudest foes.

He, kind Messenger of mercy,
 Healed the sick, the lame, the blind—
 Dried the tears of friendless sorrow—
 Calmed the wild distracted mind—
 Went with sinners,
 To instruct, reclaim, and save.

In his final scene of suffering,
 While his anguish they deride,
 He asked pardon for his murderers—
 "Father, O, forgive," he cried,
 "O, forgive them;
 For they know not what they do."

Sinners, this is your Redeemer,
 On the cross he bore your guilt,
 And, to save your souls from ruin,
 His own heart's blood freely spilt;
 O, then love him,
 For he gave his life for you.

—•••••

JESUS,

I'LL speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath,
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

Original.

REVIVAL INCIDENT IN NORTH WALES.

BY B. W. CHIDLAW.

THE anniversary of important events forms an interesting era in the progress of human life. To the Gospel minister engaged in the arduous duties of his high and holy calling, the retrospect "of times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," affords strength in the conflict, and encouraging hope for the future. If, amid present toil, the joyous shout of triumph does not thrill his ear, and swell his heart, his eye may be fixed and his soul enchained to some hallowed spot—some scene of by-gone conflict, when the deep laid entrenchments of sin in human hearts were summoned, assailed, and demolished—when souls redeemed, and sins forgiven, were the trophies of glorious victory—and when the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ was indeed declared to be the power of God. It is reasonable, natural, and Scriptural to rejoice in the advancement of religion, and the salvation of sinners. No event that transpires on earth can claim a comparison with the redemption of the soul. The genuine, soul-saving repentance of a sinner, is an incident of such magnitude and importance, as to be observed with commanding interest in heaven. Angelic hosts, catching the benignant smiles of a triune God, are filled with rapturous delight; while the redeemed in glory strike anew their harps of gold, that another heir of hell is made a child of God; and why may not the saints on earth partake of heavenly joys? To hear the anxious cry, "What must I do to be saved," bursting simultaneously from more than a hundred tongues, giving utterance, in tremulous accents, to the deep anguish of as many souls convinced of sin, is an incident never, never to be forgotten, but always cherished with unfeigned thanksgiving to Him who causeth us to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ.

On the last Sabbath day of 1839, the writer witnessed a most powerful and gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in an obscure village among the mountains of Wales. The sanctuary, where the people of God for centuries past had been accustomed to assemble for divine worship, was an immense edifice, gray with age. Its location, in a deep glen overlooked by towering mountains, had a solemn, soothing influence upon the mind. The gathering of the people, the song of praise, the voice of prayer, and the preaching of the everlasting Gospel, alone broke the silence that reigned around it. This had been the house of God and the gate of heaven to hundreds—here, during generations past, souls had been born of God, and born for heaven. But for the last fifteen or twenty

years the demon of division and discord had reveled on its prosperity. During this unhappy period, the professed friends of Christ, instead of making a common cause against the powers of darkness, exhausted their energies in unhallowed strife, and soul-destroying animosities among themselves. Such a state of things was followed by the most fearful and disastrous consequences. The peaceful Dove took its flight from the noise and confusion of brethren falling out by the way, and the once flourishing and efficient Church was left for many years to the withering blight of Divine abandonment. Like the sturdy forest oak shriveled by the scathing fires of the lurid lightning, the Church at L— stood among its sister churches a monument of God's displeasure against the sin of strife and division among those pledged to love one another.

For twenty years the ruinous results of such unchristian warfare were fully developed. All the interests of spiritual religion declined—the youth advanced to manhood unconverted to God—the conservative and recuperative energies of the Church were lost in the angry elements of strife. Zion was clothed in the sad habiliments of mourning, while desolation filled her borders.

In the autumn previous, the brethren, who had been ejected by civil law from the house of God in which they and their fathers had worshiped their Maker, obtained a peaceable repossession of the chapel, and once more within its solemn walls they mingle their songs and prayers, and hear the words of life from the lips of their venerated and faithful pastor. This was the auspicious dawn of a brighter day. The friends of Christ, the few and feeble, again rally under the banners of the bleeding Lamb, and take their position on the tented field. Strengthened by the love of Christ constraining, they cast the stumbling blocks out of the way, and labor for the salvation of souls. Pastor and people shared the toil in preparing the way of the Lord—together, in cordial and efficient co-operation, they repaired the breaches in the walls of Jerusalem—addressed the mercy-seat, and in faith looked for the blessing.

For some time, the female members of the household of faith met together for prayer, and free religious conversation. This was emphatically a "new measure" among the people of God; but it proved a most blessed and successful measure in the revival of religion in the hearts of Christians, and in the hopeful conversion of sinners. These transatlantic sisters had heard of American revivals, and of pious females prevailing with God. Knowing that such besiegings of the "throne of grace" by their American sisters, had been so signally blessed, in their emergency they were ready to adopt any means sanctioned by Christian practice and not forbidden in the Divine word. How

great and memorable have been the achievements of devoted female piety in every age of the Church; how much have they accomplished in the great cause of saving a lost world! When our blessed Redeemer hung on the cross, "many women were there," and ever since female piety has been baptized with a nearness to the cross. This spirit was not wanting in the character of female godliness, as it existed among the mountains of Wales. In the praying circles of pious women, the first dawns of a day of salvation to this people were discerned—in the humble, persevering fervency of their pleadings with God, was heard the first echo of the rumblings of the chariots of salvation.

Such the circumstances, and such the people, among whom I was to spend the last Sabbath of the year. It was a solemn time—the field was white for the harvest, and hope alternated between doubt and fear. Would God make bare his arm, and come forth from his hiding place and triumph gloriously? or should we spend the day unblessed? were questions of thrilling interest, as we bowed around the family altar, and in the loneliness of secret devotion.

The morning and afternoon services were numerous attended by solemn and attentive hearers; but no special indications of Divine power in the ministrations of the sanctuary were seen. After tea, a young female member of the kind family whose hospitality I was enjoying, requested that after the evening service we should hold an inquiry meeting, to point dying sinners to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; "for," said she, "several of my young friends are convinced of sin, and anxious to be saved." This request electrified my whole soul; it was the voice of God, replete with encouragement and hope. Before the evening meeting, while the lingering rays of the setting sun crowned in brightness the summits of the surrounding mountains, I sought a place of retirement, to commune with God, and to seek his aid. I followed a path on the side of a gentle declivity, overlooking a placid lake, sleeping in undisturbed beauty and grandeur, till I found a vast amphitheatre formed by projecting rocks. Here, every thing was conducive to devotion; and I found in this secluded spot a Bethel to my soul, and sweet intercourse with heaven. In retracing my steps to the house, listening, as the shades of night were encircling the earth, to the foam-encrested torrents, dashing wildly from rock to rock on the mountain side, I heard the voice of prayer from an old cow-house on my left. This simple, fervent, and holy pleading at the mercy-seat, enchained me to the spot. My heart was moved within me. Such an appeal to God, so urgent—so full of faith—such clinging to the high horn of the altar of the atonement, I never heard

before. It was an aged domestic of the family, the old cow-man, taking hold of God's strength, and securing divine aid to a worm of the dust, about to stand as an ambassador of God between the dry stubble and the consuming fire.

In repairing to the chapel, the surrounding mountain sides seemed illuminated by lanterns, borne by the groups that were hastening to the house of God—to the gospel pool. Would the angel of mercy descend? was a question of growing interest as I entered the threshold of the sanctuary. The general state of the Church—the faithful labors of a devoted pastor—the female prayer meetings—the manifested interest of my young female friend—the prayer of the old cow-man, and the blessed promise of the Holy Spirit, whispered hope in my trembling ear, nerved my soul, and encouraged my heart to meet the solemn responsibilities of the evening.

The chapel was crowded to overflowing, and during the sermon the silence and solemnity of the grave pervaded this vast assembly. Instead of closing the services as usual, by singing and public prayer, as the occasion was peculiar—the last Sabbath evening in the year, and the last time I ever expected to meet the congregation till with an assembled universe we meet at the judgment—the time was spent in silent prayer. Christians were exhorted to seek for more of the life and power of religion, the halting were pressed to decide, and the careless to consider their ways. These were moments of fearful, awful interest—decisions, involving the changeless destinies of eternity, were to be made—hell, earth, and heaven seemed in mighty conflict. A few minutes of unbroken silence elapsed, then followed suppressed groans and heavy sighs, from hearts broken by the power and grace of God. At length, "God be merciful to me a sinner," in a loud, piercing voice, was heard from a distant corner of the gallery. It was a strong man, a hardened sinner, waving the signals of distress in sight of the life-boats of salvation, while the tides of Divine love were flowing full and free. The sanctuary was now a Bochim—a place of weeping. The scene beggars description. At the expiration of the time designated for silent prayer, the congregation was dismissed, and those whose hearts were pierced by the sword of the Spirit, were invited to remain for conversation and prayer. Near one hundred and fifty poor sinners, lost and helpless in themselves, were found convinced of sin, anxiously inquiring the way to Jesus. "It was the Lord's doings, and it was marvelous in our eyes." God came suddenly into the camp of Israel; and the valley of dry bones, as the Spirit breathed its life-giving energy in answer to the prayer of faith, became the arena of spiritual life and animation. Before midnight, many poor backsliders, who for

years had wandered away from God, were rejoicing in the joys of pardoned sins, and many souls, happy in their first love, gave evidence that God had power on earth to forgive sins. Others, and by far the most numerous part of those that remained, were slain by the law, drinking the wormwood and the gall of conviction, and were pressing their way to the cross, crying, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

The good work advanced—the interest became more and more intense; the claims of religion gained a complete ascendancy over the vain pursuits of earth and time. At my embarkation, two months after, the good pastor communicated the glad intelligence that over two hundred souls had been hopefully converted to God. When Christians come up to the help of the Lord, what a great and glorious work God will do for them. In this rich display of Divine grace, the agency of praying females, the deep anxiety of a young lady in the salvation of her associates, are plainly discernable. When the Christian feelings and sympathies of devoted females, are embodied in actions, the influence of female piety carries trembling into the centre of the empire of darkness, and courage into the hearts of the men of God to labor for souls.

Every reader of the Repository, her heart glowing with intense love to God and his cause, has in her power to perform a great work in winning souls to Christ. Her prayers, her conversation, and her encouragement, may set in operation a train of causes, whose effects will tell on the salvation of multitudes that are now ready to perish, and whose labors shall be abundantly rewarded in the resurrection of the just.

THE MOURNER.

I SAW a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no voice answers. O, my loved one will not hear! O, death! inexorable death! what hast thou done?"

When he thought thus in agony, the form of Christianity came by. He heard the song and transport of the great multitude which no man can number, around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there, the spirit of her he mourned! Their happiness was pure, permanent and perfect. The mourner then wiped his tears, took courage and thanked God: "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come;" and he returned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

ALMIGHTY.

MY SAVIOR is "THE ALMIGHTY." I have his own high and supreme authority for it, in his revelation of himself to St. John. He, who made all things, and by whom all things consist, has exhausted none of his power by its boundless exercise through eternal ages. He is still able to do all things—"able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him:" and, since he stands engaged by covenant to do all he can for his people, they are secure of having all things effected for them.

Does an aged patriarch, in his hundredth year, feel a rising anxiety as to the accomplishment of God's promises? Is he ready to ask, "How can these things be?" Jehovah appears to him, and says, "I am the Almighty—I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." "Let *this* be thy anxiety. Leave my promises to my faithfulness and my omnipotence." Unhappy Balaam knew the Star of Jacob, and the Sceptre of Israel by this name, for he "saw the vision of the Almighty." A believer knows that trial and sorrow are not the work of chance. They are too important links in the chain of sovereign mercy, to be left under any other control than the Lord's. Ruth's pious mother-in-law felt this, when she sorrowfully, though resignedly, said to her friends at Bethlehem, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me: and the Almighty hath afflicted me."

It is remarkable, that this grand appellation of Jehovah occurs no more than sixty-two times in the Scriptures, and that of these one half are in the book of Job. The afflicted patriarch is exhorted not to despise "the chastening of the Almighty, although he felt his very arrows within him, the poison whereof drank up his spirit." He is reminded of the duty of submitting to Jehovah's mysterious dispensations by the humbling inquiry, "Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" He is encouraged to cultivate a cheerful repose in the Lord's mercy and righteousness. "Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice."

Beloved Savior, my faith regards thee as my only refuge. Thou art "the secret place of the Most High"—the Holy of Holies, where whosoever dwelleth, "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." How unapproachable by any foe—how unassailable by any danger is my hiding place in thee! Let me feel and rejoice in my security, and give to thee all the glory of it. Poor, indeed, is my highest praise; but my joyful and exulting hope is, that I shall ere long add my voice to the choir, which "rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." And my crown shall lie at thy feet,

mingled with their glorious diadems, while I take up their chorus, and cry, with a full heart, and a full voice, "Thou art worthy, O, Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." I seem to catch the melody of that anthem, and the spirit of their praise, while I indulge my longing desire to sing with them "the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb," "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O, Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest."

Contemplating my Savior's omnipotence, and my own impotence, together with the power of faith, as a divine principle, I see that life can plunge me into no difficulties, by which I need fear to be overwhelmed. For even the "things which are impossible with men, are possible with God." Faith gives to my weakness the strength of Jehovah. Jesus teaches me this in his conversation with the afflicted father of the demoniac youth. That father's prayer ran thus: "If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us." The compassionate Savior replied, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Thus he seemed, as it were, to transfer the powers of his Almighty arm to the faith of the suppliant. That suppliant, fearing to lose the benefit he sought through the feebleness of his faith, yet conscious that he did possess real confidence in Christ, exerted the strength, which in the hour of his humility and of his extremity, the Lord infused into his soul. The tears gushed from his streaming eyes, while the exclamation burst from his lips, "Lord, I believe! help thou mine unbelief!" Faith triumphed over all the difficulties of the case. The child was rescued from the power of Satan. The father was blessed with the fruits of his faith, joy and peace. O, my Savior, graciously impart to me that faith, which shall thus make my feeble soul strong as omnipotence in thy Almightiness!

His word omnific was creation's birth:
The star-pav'd firmament, the verdant earth,
Ocean's vast world of waves, life, spirit, man—
Th' immensity of being was His plan,
His work—MY SAVIOR'S. And unwearied still,
He amplifies infinity. His will
The only limit to his potent hand—
The universe is ruled by his command.
Yet was creation's work a thing of naught,
Compar'd with the redeeming love that brought
A sin-curs'd world back from the dark abyss,
And rais'd lost heirs of hell to heav'n and bliss.
ALMIGHTY! Yes, he prov'd himself no less
When on the cross he bore our guiltiness:
Else had he sunk beneath the enormous weight,
For human strength, or angels' far too great.
ALMIGHTY! then his precious blood could give

The law its honor, and let sinners live.
ALMIGHTY! then his word can never fail—
The omnipotence of mercy *must* prevail.
Lord, on thy mighty grace my soul shall rest,
Amidst its weakness of thy strength possess.
Nor, till thy arm too shorten'd is to save.
Will I despair of heaven, or dread the grave.



Original.

FEMALE TEACHERS.

PERHAPS in no station does woman exert a more important influence than as a teacher. Surrounded by young beings, in whose hearts she often holds a rank next to the mother's, she guides them in the pursuit of that knowledge which is to render them the instruments of good or evil in all after life. If she have any just conception of the responsibility resting upon her, what a task is hers! Seeking guidance from above, she has first to learn self-government, that she may, both by example and precept, illustrate the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit, and of all the active and passive virtues. Next, she must study each disposition in the little community around her, and endeavor, by every means in her power, to arouse the indolent, encourage the timid, repress the wayward, and form in all, habits of industry, order and submission.

Among my earliest and most pleasing recollections, ever arises the form of her who presided over the little ones, daily assembled in the old log school-house of my native village. Miss S. was not one whom strangers would admire, but such were her good sense and kindness of heart, that few could know without loving and respecting her. Blending patience with firmness, she faithfully labored to give her little band a thorough knowledge of those plain, old fashioned branches of literature, which in modern times are too often neglected. I remember the long—long lines of "spelling" we had to learn, and how carefully we were compelled to pronounce each word of our reading lessons; and after these had become somewhat less difficult, came geography. And we must stand by her side while she explained that the world was round—not like a dollar, but like an apple, which, with her pencil passed through it, (for we had never heard of a globe,) was made to represent the earth wheeling on its axis. This, in its turn, was succeeded by arithmetic and writing; and finally grammar, that mystery of mysteries to the uninitiated. How much toil and patience were required, before she could make us comprehend that there was really some meaning in the seemingly senseless jargon, "A noun is the name of a thing."

After several years, she left us for the far west. Among the many who succeeded her, (for a village school is subject to frequent changes,) I will mention two. Miss L., the first, soon won our hearts

by her extremely agreeable manners. Although very young, she devoted her whole energies to what she considered the improvement of her scholars; but she had mistaken the true meaning of that word. Of a very ambitious spirit, she was desirous that the — Seminary should surpass all those around it; and for this end she spared no pains, but devoted almost every moment of her time to its accomplishment. She soon infused into our minds a portion of her ambition, and desiring to make an exhibition of learning on "examination day," we naturally employed much of our time in acquiring a superficial knowledge of the more difficult studies, while we neglected those which were more useful. But this was not the greatest evil: for in many a young mind were sown seeds of envy and rivalry, which might in after life bring forth bitter fruits. I know not where she, of whom I speak, now is; but may it not be hoped that she has learned, ere this, that knowledge is valuable only as it assists us in fulfilling the important duties of love to God and man.

Miss M. formed a striking contrast to Miss L. She had early learned the value of religion, and feeling deeply the responsibility of her situation, she daily sought that aid which would enable her to train the young minds intrusted to her care, for future usefulness. Were all who, like her, have the charge of the young, as faithful in the discharge of their duty, we might see many in early life listening to the voice of true wisdom, and seeking that bliss which is immortal. MARY F****.

THE ANGEL.

MY SAVIOR is the "Messenger" or "Angel of the covenant," in whom I delight, even the Lord, whom I seek. This title is a name of office, not of nature. "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." In nature he is infinitely "better than the angels;" and in fact he receives from them the homage which intelligent creatures owe to their Creator, and which it would be the highest treason for them to offer to another. As an equal party in the covenant of redemption, the Son of God assumed the office of Messenger, or Angel of the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, to the guilty children of men: and with the office he also took the name.

In the form of an angelic being, my Savior frequently appeared to the saints of old, and they recognized him under that title as their Guide, their Guardian, and their future Redeemer. Let me look back to a few of the most remarkable visits, which he thus paid to his people.

Thy first manifestation of thyself by this form and name, O, thou glorious Angel of the covenant,

was to a poor outcast female servant, as she sat in melancholy solicitude "by a fountain of water in the wilderness of Shur." She wept, and thou didst observe her tears. She cried, and thou didst hear her lamentations. Thy promises to that lonely wanderer stand good to the present day, and the "wild man" of the Arabian desert bears an unwitting testimony to the veracity of thy word! She recognized thy divinity, "for she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou, God, seest me!" So, Lord, vouchsafe to observe me, when I weep. Hear the prayer of my affliction, when I cry. In all my wanderings here upon earth, may I ever retain, and be at once admonished and cheered by the recollection, that, "Thou, God, seest me." Under thy guidance may I always find a fountain in the wilderness, for my support and refreshment, and find thee near to sweeten that fountain, by thy manifested presence and thy promises.

Wast not thou, O, my Savior, "the Angel who redeemed Jacob from all evil," and whose blessing he devoutly implored upon his grand-children? The venerable patriarch knew thee, as his Redeemer, and supremely valued thy blessing, as the richest inheritance for his descendants. Graciously dispose and enable me to contemplate thee in the same relation to myself, and to set the same exalted value upon thy favors for those whom I love, and whom I may have to leave behind me upon earth. I might bequeath them wealth, and might thereby entail upon them a heavy curse. If I leave them under thy blessing, they will have indeed "a goodly heritage."

And is it not respecting my Savior, that my faith hears a voice from heaven, saying, as of old to Israel, "Behold I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in thy way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared?" Isaiah thus spake of that period of Israel's history: "So he was their Savior. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them: in his love and his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old." I am often animated in running the race that is set before me, by the thoughts of the great cloud of angelic witnesses, who surround my course, and "who are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Yet what is this to the assurance, that Thou art with me, to be my constant protector, to supply my wants, to uphold my faltering steps, and to conduct me in safety to the Canaan of my final rest? O, give me grace ever most affectionately to revere thee, to obey thy voice, and to follow thy guidance. Aid and support my drooping soul by thy Spirit. In thy almighty hands hold thou me up, and keep me in all my ways, lest I dash my foot against a stone.

Original.

HOLINESS.—NO. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES
BY THE WAY."

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."—SOLOMON.

"It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace."—PAUL.

HITHERTO, dear R., you have been wavering in your purposes. Paul says that it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace; and doubtless you now feel that it is a *necessary* thing, not only for the repose of your spirit, and present *usefulness*, but also to insure your place among the sanctified hereafter. O, dear R., I am sure your heart is burning with desire for this establishing grace. And is it not possible that you may have it before you lay this communication from you? Yes, all things are possible with God, and all things are possible with him that *believeth*. Do you observe that this implies a *present* act? not something in the future. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die!" *Believest thou this?* say, R., *believest thou this?* Then your soul may be raised to entire newness of life this hour. O, the omnipotent power of faith! God cannot work in keeping with the designs of his grace, where unbelief prevails. You will remember that it was said of the blessed Jesus, "He could not do many mighty works, because of their unbelief." The order of his government would be perverted should he, in condescension to your unbelief, work in your heart previous to your having ventured your whole being upon him, to bring about this entire renovation for you.

O, will you not now know the power of his resurrection, and be brought into that state that will empower you, in the fullness of your heart, to exclaim, "'Tis no more I, but Christ that dwelleth in me?" where you may, in verity, realize that your life is hid with Christ in God. Then let me again say, "Come, for all things are ready!" A complete salvation—a redemption from all iniquity, has already been wrought out for you, and all that remains to be done is, that you *accept on the conditions* specified in the word. Conditions, very readily apprehended, are recorded in second Corinthians, latter part of the sixth chapter, with the commencement of the seventh. Paul, as you will here observe, was communing with his "dearly beloved" brethren, who as yet had not seemingly apprehended the necessity of an entire renunciation of their former unholy associations. And how much under the dominion of such principles

has my own *dearly beloved* R. been? And now I will exhort you, dear R., that you pursue precisely the same process urged by Paul on his "dearly beloved." Communion with and conformity to the dark and polluting spirit of the world around you has been your error; and now "what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?" You are a child of light—"a temple of the living God!" O, I am sure you are now sorrowing that you have not, ere this, more fully apprehended your holy calling, and are now longing to comply with the condition upon which God is now about to sanctify you.

"Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." Do you now comply with the condition? You know it is one thing to be *willing* to take a necessary step, and another thing to *do* it; and if you proceed no further than to be *willing*, you will yet miss the mark. * * * Ah! the vision of your mind is resting on this and the other beloved object. * * * One surpassingly endearing to you is presented, and your heart is saying, "Am I indeed called to sacrifice this object of all most prized?" It may be a dear friend that stands between God and your soul—perhaps your reputation—or some favorite scheme—the idea of prosecuting which troubles you. It matters not what it is—God now requires that every idol be dethroned—he is a jealous God, and will have no other gods before him.

But perchance you may feel that the object presented is not an idol. You may have even regarded it as one of the precious gifts of your heavenly Father; and can he now require that I should renounce it? say you. Why, dear R., if it is indeed a gift from God, is not this of itself a conclusive reason why you should give it up at the bidding of the giver? Cannot you now say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord?" But you may apprehend no conceivable reason why you should sacrifice it. Neither could Abraham why he was called to sacrifice Isaac; and is your object more endearing to your heart than his only beloved son was to his?

Perhaps nature still shrinks, notwithstanding all your efforts to induce a willingness to the sacrifice. What shall be done? Is there no help? Shall my beloved R. linger in a disheartening attitude here? Spirit of holiness, forbid it! Cheer up, dear R., my heart exultingly apprehends a way for your escape—a way by which your spirit may overleap the snare of the fowler, and bound at once into perfect liberty, light, and rest. An illustration will help. Bid your imagination pass cen-

turies of time in the past, and observe, under the dispensation of shadows, a sincere and would-be upright Jew. He is fully aware of the law demanding the sacrifice without blemish—the choicest of his flock. A latent spark of covetousness kindles to a yet more ardent flame, as he gazes with increasing interest on the valuable sacrifice, until aroused by the consideration of what indulgence in the unhallowed propensity will lead to, he at once, with decisive step, hastens to the hallowed altar. The sacrifice is laid upon the altar, and the moment it touches the altar “most holy,” it is sanctified. Did the sanctification of the gift depend on the freeness of the offerer, or on the sanctity of the altar? And in full view of the most explicit declaration, “Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy,” do you conjecture that offerer stood in perplexing uncertainty, saying, “I do not know whether the altar will sanctify my gift.” It would indeed have been most impious, in face of God’s direct testimony; for, as you will observe, not only the sanctity of the altar would be undervalued, but the faithfulness of God doubted; and what could be more dishonoring to the faithful, promise-keeping Jehovah?

And now, dear R., I presume that you are saying, “Would that I could find an altar most holy! If the shadow of good things to come is presented in the illustration just given, where shall I find the substance? Has God provided an altar most holy, whereunto the believer in Christ may come? Where is the Christian’s altar? What were the intervening of almost interminable distance, if the certainty of success would but prepossess my heart! This decided, gladly would I this moment leave all and hasten with unwearied step, and repose my whole existence upon the sanctifier.” Listen to God, dear R. The decree has passed the throne that thou shalt be instructed. The Holy Spirit is now taking of the things of God, to reveal them unto thee. Hark! through the medium of the written word the ardent inquiry of thy heart is answered: “We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle.” How explicit! What more would your waiting spirit require? Do you ask whether it is an altar of sufficient sanctity to warrant the conclusion that if you lay your offering upon it, it will, by virtue of its inherent holiness, sanctify the gift the moment it is laid thereon? Divine authority settles the matter—“We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ, once for all,” Heb. x, 10. Surpassing conception is the superior sanctity of the altar to which you now come. The Jewish altar was sanctified by modes of purification prescribed by the law: “And now, if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall

the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God.” Yes, dear R., the Christian’s altar is “most holy”—unutterably beyond human thought. Inherent holiness is here! The purity of the innumerable company from time immemorial in the upper sanctuary, as also of that of every humble, holy believer that has ever existed on earth, has all been derived from this fountain-source of purity.

Yes, R., Christ is the Christian’s altar! How wonderful! What a stoop of mercy and love! My spirit bounds with unutterable joyousness at the thought. May I—aye, more—do I indeed lay all upon this inconceivably hallowed altar? Yes, R., I know it—I feel it; and now where shall I find words to express the abundant realization of blessedness which my soul enjoys? My case proves, dear R., that these shrinkings of nature, resolutely unyielded to, are no barriers in the way. Do they not even serve to bring out more strongly the principle of obedience? God said to Abraham, “Take now thy son, thine *only* son, whom thou lovest.” The intimation here is most conclusive that God intended that Abraham’s paternal affections should be recognized; and may we not presume that this part of the sacrifice constituted the most prominent characteristic, in the eye of God, of his faith and devotion. You will observe that after he had passed through this trial, God specifies *this* surrender of paternal affection as a test by which the principle of holy fear and obedience was brought out, and said, “For now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son—thy *only* son—from me.” How fully God assures us here that “*obedience is better than sacrifice.*”

ADMONITION.

WE should not be too proud to learn from a savage. Moffat, in his missionary labors in South Africa, mentions the fact of his giving a hat to an African chief, who, on putting it on his head, was cheered by the shouts of his admiring tribe. Immediately, the chief, taking the novel article from his own head, placed it on that of one of his own attendants; on being asked his reason, he, with great *naivete*, replied that he could not see and admire it on his own head! Now here, we thought, is an idea worthy of improvement. Many of our ladies clothe themselves extravagantly for the sake of gratifying the eyes of others, and all they receive in return is the trouble of taking care of their costly articles. We advise those of our acquaintance to imitate the African sage, and content themselves with admiring these things on others.—*Phil. Pres.*

Original.

SKETCH OF WYOMING.

BY S. COMFORT.

THERE are few spots on the continent of deeper interest than Wyoming Valley—few, whose local associations are more full of thrilling interest to the traveler, who, as he passes over its romantic plains, with its beautiful and extended landscapes spread out before him, terminated by circumambient mountain barriers on either side, feels that he is treading on classic ground. Few spots are more fruitful in aboriginal and chivalrous incidents. These have enriched the historian's page while they have inspired the poet's muse. The history of Wyoming has already been written by several hands. But the subject is not yet exhausted. Here the geologist may find abundant material for analysis and speculation. And as long as aboriginal and Revolutionary narrative shall continue objects of interest to the world; as long as the naturalist shall delight himself in attempts to decipher the records of the earth's disruptions and transmutations, as they may be legible in geological deposits and mineral strata, will the Valley of Wyoming not only retain its present degree of interest, but continue in the ascendant. The traveler and the scholar of future generations, will be astonished at the apathy and insensibility of those of the present to her various and enchanting attractions.

Etymology of the name. Wyoming is an Indian name Anglicised. In all such instances two things are chiefly important—the true aboriginal name, and its import in our own language. The tribe of Indians who were proprietors of this celebrated valley, at the date of the earliest historical records extant, were known by the designation of *Lene-lenoppes*. By the first English adventurers they were denominated the Delawares, after the name of a river, which, in honor of Lord De-la-War, they called Delaware, and which name it still retains. By this tribe this valley was called *Maugh-wau-ma-me*: *The Large Meadows*. But the Five Nations, who subsequently conquered the Delawares, called it *S'gah-on-to-wa-no*: *The Large Flats*. The Moravian missionaries, endeavoring to catch the sound as nearly as they could from Indian articulation, wrote the name *M'cheawammi*. Other pronunciations and corruptions followed, such as *Wiomie*, *Wajomie*, *Wyomiuk*, and finally *Wyoming* obtained, the present name.

Dimensions of the Valley. The distance from the Lackawanna gap, where the Susquehanna plunges into the valley through a narrow defile of high, rocky mountains at the northwest, to a similar passage at the southern extremity, is about twenty miles. Its average width is about three miles. It

is walled in by two parallel ranges of mountains; that on the east being about one thousand feet in height, and that on the west about eight hundred. The eastern range is still as wild as when first surveyed by the eye of the white man, covered with pines, dwarf-oaks and laurels, presenting a forest interspersed with various deciduous and ever-green trees and shrubs. The western range is not only less elevated but less rugged and sterile, readily yielding to the hand of culture, and here and there dotted with a good upland farm. Than the alluvial grounds, which skirt the margin of the river which winds its course mid-way through the valley, nothing finer can be conceived for the various purposes of easy and well compensated cultivation. But the mountain ranges, commencing at the southern elliptical point, or Nanticoke gap, thence circling off and stretching along in parallel lines at the distance just stated, do not unite at the Lackawanna gap, where the Susquehanna steals into the valley through a pass so narrow, with perpendicular bluffs on either side, as scarcely to be perceivable by the stranger at a short distance only, above or below, but continue on in the same direction some twenty miles further, at about the same distance from each other, till they pass the celebrated *coal lands* at Carbondale; thus forming the Lackawanna Valley, which is but an extension of Wyoming Valley. The entire basin is, therefore, more than forty miles long. The Lackawanna section, however, is far inferior, both as to beauty and productiveness, to the Wyoming section, which commences at the junction of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna rivers; the former at this point suddenly bursting through a narrow gorge in the mountain to receive the latter, which scarcely varies from its general course to form the junction.

Wars of which Wyoming Valley has been the seat.

The first of which we have any historic record, was one which occurred between the Delawares and Shawnees. They occupied opposite sides of the river at the lower extremity of the valley. The immediate cause of this war was the most frivolous and trifling imaginable, while, in its results, it was the most bloody and disastrous ever waged. It is known as the *grasshopper war*. It is described as happening thus: On a certain day, the warriors of both clans being engaged in the chase upon the mountains, a party of Shawnee women and children crossed over the river to the Delaware side to gather wild fruits. In this occupation they were joined by some Delaware squaws and their children. In the course of the day the harmony of the children was interrupted by a dispute respecting the possession of a large grasshopper, probably one with parti-colored wings. The mothers took part with their respective children. The Delaware women being the most numerous, and being

on their own side of the river, the Shawnees were driven home, after several were killed on both sides. On the return of their husbands from hunting, the Shawnee warriors instantly espoused the cause of their wives, and crossed the river, full-armed, to give the Delawares battle. The latter were not unprepared to meet them, and a bloody conflict ensued, which, after great slaughter on both sides, ended in the total defeat and expulsion of the Shawnees from the valley. They fled to their brethren residing at that time on the banks of the Ohio.

The first white settlement in Wyoming, was made under the auspices of the Susquehanna Company, in 1762. This association was formed in 1753, by sundry persons in Connecticut, for the purpose of establishing a colony in this delightful spot. Here we must date the commencement of a sort of second Punic war—in other words, one of the most unpleasant controversies respecting land titles, which ever existed between citizens of the American colonies. It arose between the Connecticut claimants to lands in Wyoming, which they claimed under royal grants and titles obtained by purchase from the Indians, and the proprietories of the colony of Pennsylvania, who also had effected purchases of the Six Nations. This controversy continued down to 1788, through the long period of thirty-five years. Its adjustment was finally effected, chiefly through the mediation of Colonel Pickering. But our limits preclude detail.

It was not till 1762, some nine years after the organization of this company, that a body of settlers about two hundred strong, entered the valley. Short and eventful was the history of this infant corps of pioneers. The first Indian massacre is identified with its termination. The Six Nations looked with jealousy and burning envy upon the Delawares, with whom our white settlers had now lived for two years on terms of the greatest friendship. A party of warriors from the Six Nations came to the valley under the specious pretense of friendship, who, after loitering about a few days, most treacherously set the house of the unsuspecting Delaware chief on fire, and with it the veteran himself was burnt to ashes. To increase their atrocious cruelty, they charged this incendiary assassination upon the white settlers, and most unfortunately they had the address to inspire the Delawares with such a belief. And while the settlers were as unconscious of any such imputation as they were of the crime itself, the storm of savage revenge suddenly broke upon them. Some thirty were massacred in cold blood at noon-day. The rest, amounting to several hundreds of men, women and children, fled through the wilderness to the nearest white settlement, some sixty miles distant. With immense suffering some arrived

alive, while many of their comrades in flight perished in the wilderness.

An intervening period of fourteen years, filled up with a tissue of strife and conflict between the Yankees and Pennamites, attended with the various fortunes and distresses of open, hostile, civil war, brings us down to the celebrated Wyoming battle and massacre. This was one of the most disastrous events recorded in the history of the Revolutionary struggle. It combined the most refined cruelty of savage with civilized barbarity, as will appear from the following, on the authority of Chapman, History and Poetry of Wyoming, Silliman's Journal, &c.

Early in the spring of 1778, a force consisting of about eight hundred men, of British regulars, Tories and Indians, under the command of Colonel John Butler, assembled at Niagara, and marched to the reduction of Wyoming. The Indians, four hundred in number, were commanded by Brant, a warlike chief of mixed blood. At Tioga Point these troops embarked on boats and rafts, upon which they descended the Susquehanna till they came within about twenty miles of Wyoming Fort, arriving here the latter part of June. On the evening of the 2d July they took possession of a fort which the settlers had built about a mile above the head of the valley, called Fort Wintermoot. A council of war was called at Forty Fort, so named from its having been built and defended by forty of the settlers, three miles above Fort Wyoming, on the morning of the 3d July, to determine between the expediency of marching out and giving the enemy battle, and of waiting his advance. Some advocated delay, in the hope that a reinforcement would arrive from General Washington. Others maintained that as no advices had been received in answer to their message, the messengers had in all probability been intercepted and cut off; and as the enemy was constantly increasing, it was better if possible to meet and repel him at once. The debates were warm on both sides. But before they were ended, five commissioned officers arrived from the continental army, who, having heard of the invasion, on permission, had come for the defense of their families. All hope of succor was now extinguished, and a determination for an immediate attack was the result of the council. Colonel Zebulon Butler, from the continental army, who chanced to be at home, yielded to the urgent request of the people to take the command. As soon as the necessary dispositions could be made, he led on his undisciplined force with a view to take the enemy by surprise. And such, historians say, would have been the result, but for one of those untoward incidents which no human wisdom could foresee. A scout of two men had been sent forward to reconnoitre, who found the enemy at

dinner in high and frolicsome glee, not expecting an attack. But, most unfortunately, on their return they were met and fired upon by a strolling Indian, who fled and gave the alarm. Consequently, on the approach of the Americans they found the enemy's line displayed ready to meet them. They immediately displayed their column, forming in a corresponding line. But as the enemy was more than double in number, their line was much more extended. Yellow pines and scrub oaks covered the battle-ground, so that the movements of the enemy's troops could not be so well ascertained. Col. Z. Butler had command on the right, opposed by Col. John Butler, at the head of the British troops; and Col. Nathan Denison on the left, opposed by Brant, at the head of his Indians, on the enemy's right. The conflict began soon after four o'clock, P. M., at about forty rods distance, and for a time was kept up on both sides with great spirit. The right of the settlers' line advanced bravely as they fired, and the best troops of the enemy were compelled to give back. But far different was the aspect of affairs on the left. Penetrating a dark swamp, a strong body of Indians, unperceived, succeeded in outflanking Col. Denison, and like a dark cloud suddenly fell upon his rear. At the same time, Col. John Butler, finding that the settlers' line did not extend as far as his own, doubled that end of his line which was protected by a thick growth of brush-wood, and succeeded in throwing Col. Z. Butler's division into some confusion. This little veteran band, thus standing between two fires, fell fast before the rifles of the Indians and Tories; but they faltered not, till an order of Col. Denison to "fall back," for the purpose only of changing position, was mistaken for an order to *retreat*. This mistake was fatal. The confusion instantly became so great that restoration to order was impossible. The enemy, not more brave, but better practiced in the horrid art of savage warfare, and withal more than double in number, at once sprang forward, commencing a most hideous yell, rushing upon the Americans hand to hand, with rifle, tomahawk, and spear. But the handful of regulars, amounting to some fifty in number, having enlisted just before under Capt. Hewit, who had been acting as recruiting officer in the valley, and those who were not at first thrown into confusion, did all it was possible to do to retrieve the fortunes of the day. It is said that Col. Dorrance, observing one of his men yield a little ground, called out to him with the utmost coolness, "Stand up to your work, sir." The colonel immediately fell. As the enemy were pressing upon the rear, an officer inquired of Captain Hewit, "Shall we retreat, sir?" A profane negative was his reply, and the next moment he fell at the head of his little command. The retreat now became a general flight, attended with

horrible carnage. "We are nearly alone," said an officer named Westbrook, "shall we go?" "I'll have one more shot," said a Mr. Cooper in reply. At the same instant a frightful savage sprang toward him with his spear, but was brought to the ground in his leap, and Cooper deliberately reloaded his piece before he moved. He was one of the few who survived the battle. It is said, that on the first discovery of the confusion which began on the left, Col. Z. Butler rode into the thickest of the conflict, exclaiming, "Don't leave me, my children! The victory will yet be ours." But overpowered by numbers under better discipline than could be expected among troops hastily collected, composed of boys and old men, fathers and sons, aged men and grandfathers, who had been compelled to seize such weapons as were at hand and take the field on a moment's warning, the band of patriots were compelled to leave the field to the enemy.

The day was lost. But in the brutal slaughter which attended the rout and flight of the vanquished fugitives, savage barbarity was eclipsed by civilized men. Historians give the following example: A short distance below the battle-ground there is an island called "Monockonock Island." To this, several Americans, in their flight, succeeded in swimming, where they secreted themselves among the logs and brush-wood upon it. Having thrown away their arms in their flight, before entering the river, they were quite defenseless. Two of them concealed themselves in sight of each other. While here, they saw several of the enemy, who had followed them and fired at them as they swam the river, approach the island. On reaching it, they immediately wiped and loaded their guns. One of them soon passed by where one of these men lay concealed, and was recognized as the brother of his companion who was concealed near him. This man being a Tory, had joined the enemy. Passing carefully along, examining every covert, he soon discovered his brother in his concealment. Suddenly stopping, he said, "So it is you, is it?" Finding himself discovered, he advanced a few steps and fell upon his knees, and begged that his life might be spared, promising to live with him, serve him, and even to be his slave, if he would only spare his life. "All this is mighty good," replied his more than savage brother; "but you are a rebel," (with an oath,) and shot him dead on the spot!

But the scenes of horrid carnage did not end with the setting sun. And while we cannot but mourn over the fate of those who fell on the battle-field, those who were overtaken in their flight and sunk under the tomahawk, or who were taken prisoners alive, deserve even a still greater share of our pity. While the widows and children

of those valiant troops were flying to Fort Wyoming, or threading their way to the Delaware through the swamps and wilderness, in which numbers perished, at every glance behind them, as they ascended the eastern mountain side, they only saw the valley below lit up with the fires of their own consuming dwellings. And they were constantly haunted with the agonizing reflection, that their savage foes were at that moment luxuriating in the tortures of their captives. The place of these murders was about two miles north of Forty Fort, upon a rock near the river, around which the Indians formed themselves in a circle. At this spot sixteen were placed in a ring around the rock, and one after another seized and held by stout Indians, while the squaws split open their heads with the tomahawk. At another place a little further north, nine more were sacrificed in the same manner. This was indeed a dismal night to Wyoming; and is described by the bard of Wyoming as the hour when

"Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Ring out the pealing thunder-bolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed;
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed."

Those settlers who had not already fled into the wilderness toward the Delaware, as just indicated, hastened to Wyoming Fort, which stood not far from the centre of the present borough of Wilkesbarre. On the morning of the Fourth of July, articles of capitulation were signed by Col. John Butler and Col. Nathan Denison, by which it was agreed that the settlers should lay down their arms, the fort be demolished, and the continental stores be delivered up. The settlers were allowed to occupy their farms peaceably, without personal molestation, while the loyalists were to remain in the quiet possession of their farms, and to trade without interruption. Col. Denison and the settlers were not again to take up arms during the contest, and Col. Butler agreed to use his utmost influence to cause their private property to be respected. One historian, however, says the conditions of the capitulation were entirely disregarded by the British and savage forces, and that they committed all kinds of barbarity. The village of Wilkesbarre, consisting of twenty-three houses, was burnt; men and their wives were separated from each other, and carried into captivity; their property plundered, and their farms laid waste. The remainder of the settlers were driven from the valley, and compelled to proceed on foot sixty miles through the great swamp, almost without food and clothing. A number, principally women and children, perished in the journey. Some died of their wounds,

others wandered from the path in search of food, and thus were lost. Of three hundred and sixty-eight who went into the battle, only sixty survived—occasioning one hundred and fifty widows and six hundred orphans.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



Original.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SKY.

BY L. J. CIST.

WHEN grief's dark clouds o'ershade us,
And turn our day to night—
Dim skies, that Hope portrayed us,
As ever fair and bright;
When here the tempest lowers,
And fly the friends we love,
From earth to fairer bowers
Of the bright world above;
When pleasures fled, entreat us
Seek those that will not fly;
When disappointments meet us—
How sweet to lift the eye
Where Faith presents, to greet us,
The land beyond the sky!

When those we trust deceive us,
And turn our trust to shame;
When friends, beloved once, leave us,
To mourn th' inconstant flame;
When Fortune's frowns, which make us
No more their light desire,
Bid summer-flies forsake us,
Like frost before the fire;
When wealth and splendor garish
No real joys supply;
From earthly hopes that perish,
Our spirits long to fly
Where holier trusts we cherish—
The land beyond the sky!

And, O! when here o'ershades us,
The "dark Destroyer's" wing;
When anguish fell invades us,
With keenest, sharpest sting;
When dearest ones have left us
To seek the grassy shade,
By Death's cold hand bereft us,
In the lone church-yard laid;
When sweetest ties are riven—
We check the murmuring sigh:
The lost will back be given,
Where they no more can die!
The parted meet—in HEAVEN,
The land beyond the sky!

Original.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

BY L. D. M'CABE.

CIVILIZATION has been variously defined; but the fundamental thought in each definition is progressive improvement. Improvement, then, in its widest application to the individual and the race, is our definition of civilization. This improvement, advanced to the highest degree of that perfection of which the susceptibilities of man are capable in this life, is the sentiment of perfect civilization. Where lies the power—where rests the agency for the accomplishment of this great work? These questions have interested the sons of reflection in every age and clime. System after system has been launched into existence, specious in appearance, but inefficient in influence—promising much, but effecting little. The eye of the philanthropist, wearied at beholding the fruitless efforts of the past, is looking up with tearful anxiety and dread suspense for a solution of this mighty problem. Where shall we find those civilizing principles which can warrant a realization of the perfection of man and of society? To this question Christianity, as exhibited in the life and doctrines of its founder, affords the happiest solution, and the most unequivocal answer. Placing it hypothetically on a footing with other systems of religion, such as Polytheism, Mohammedanism, and Brahmanism, awarding to it no greater credence in its authenticity, and even supposing its author the basest of impostors, yet we affirm, and propose to show, that its philosophy is the only solution the world has ever had of the difficulty before us.

In civilization, it is the faculties of humanity and the elements of society that are to receive the pleasing impress of improvement. The former embraces three great classes, distinct and complete—the corporeal functions, the intellectual powers, and the moral feelings—the latter, universal union of sentiment, of feeling, and of effort, in relation to the great principles of human destiny, personal responsibility, the foundation of right, and the perfect equality of the race. Man dwells in the midst of the most stupendous truths, all of which are apparently solicitous of his attention and examination; but none present claims so high as the wonder of his own organization. The sublimity of the moon riding in paleness, the grandeur of the sun journeying in fire, are not to be compared with the triumphs of the human understanding, and that mysterious union of the immaterial spirit with a material structure. The form and mechanism of the human frame are grand indeed. The vast number of the parts,

their exquisite finiteness, their happy adaptation to the accomplishment of their ends, gracefulness of symmetry, and dignity of action, proclaim it the most admirable work of creation. If this splendid erection be but the temporary encasement—the temporary abode of the immortal mind, how elevated must be its character, comprehensive its power, rapid its activities, huge its conceptions, sublime its creation, and glorious its destiny! By its power of abstraction, it is capable of marshaling evidences for and against the most difficult and abstruse propositions. By the judgment, it can decide the most subtil questions, and disengage truth from the wildest entanglements of error. By the memory, it can grasp the facts of experience, the beauties of language, the truths of science, and the doctrines of morals; and by the imagination, it throws life, light, reality, objectivity around all it reads, hears, sees, feels, or conceives. If this immortal mind be dependent for its character, its happiness, and its destiny, upon the affections, what majesty gathers around those affections! The resplendent faculties of the moral nature lift their proud columns from the rocky summits of intellect. They form the superstructure reared upon the foundation of mind—they are the finishing and crowning excellences of human nature, and they cover it all over with magnificence. Without stopping now to inquire the cause, we are forced to admit that these faculties do not move on harmoniously—that disorder, unknown in the physical world, has, in her desolating march, left her giant tread upon this fairest specimen of creative energy—that life is a battle-field, where the instincts and desires, propensities and affections, wage perpetual war, each striving for the mastery, each grappling for the ascendancy. This presentation of humanity is seen in every individual of the race. Amid its great diversity of circumstances, its almost infinite variety of situations, its essential nature remains the same. By this nature there is an object to be attained, a perfection to be experienced, and a good to be realized. Unless this object, this perfection, this good, be perfectly adapted to this nature, its end is not attained, and, consequently, its perfect development is not secured. This nature being unchangeable, there can be but one object, one perfection, one good—the attainment of which constitutes perfect civilization. There is, then, one grand elevation to which this sublime nature, even in the midnight of ignorance, and the depths of degradation, never forgets to point. When the needle forgets to point to the northern pole, then, but not till then, will this nature forget to point to that which alone can gratify it. Perfect civilization is its only conveyance to the possession of this glorious

reality. Hence, the necessity of universal unanimity of sentiment, of feeling, and of effort, in relation to the great principles of human destiny, personal responsibility, the foundation of right, and the perfect equality of the race. How vast the system that is qualified for this difficult task, that, seizing man at his birth, can lead him on to perfect physical, mental, and moral development—that can establish order where all was disorder, and so tune the vast machinery of society, that it may pour forth the strains of harmony from its eternal revolutions. When we contemplate the magnitude of the work—when we contrast man's actual imbecility with the destiny his capacities reveal, we shall not be surprised that the world has struggled in vain for the conception, erection, and adoption of an adequate system of civilization. We might easily define the transforming principles, the leading ideas of every form of civilization that has appeared in the different ages of the world; and having their elements at our command, we could exhibit their defects, point out the rock upon which they foundered and shipwrecked humanity. Time forbids entrance upon this interesting discussion; yet, in our demonstration of the Christian solution of the great problem of civilization, we shall make those occasional comparisons which will reflect light upon the subject, and glory upon Christianity.

The application of the powers to some task, to the achievement of some end, lies at the foundation of all improvement. To secure the development of the bodily functions, in themselves considered, nourishment, exercise, and temperance are indispensable. The great importance and absolute necessity of the development and subjection of these functions, are seen from their immediate and powerful consequences upon the mental and the moral constitutions. Those systems of civilization which sacrifice intellectual excellence and moral refinement to the pleasures of sense—those systems which forbid or discountenance, either directly or indirectly, physical exertion, are inadequate to perfect civilization; for they aim at an end which, once attained, throws the dark folds of stupid effeminacy and morbid insensibility over the higher and the highest departments of our nature. Upon this subject Christianity is full of injunctions, holding out the richest rewards of respectability, distinction, and happiness, as incentives to unflagging perseverance, and painting, in the most frightful horrors, the pathway of indolence and inactivity. Here we meet examples and precepts posted upon every eminence, vividly setting forth the necessity of a rigid regulation of all the appetites and passions. The response she sends back is neither flattering nor undecisive—she speaks with the majesty of thunder, and gives

her unqualified condemnation to the love of indulgence. Her pensmen record the ruinous overthrow of many a noble spirit, of much moral character, at this point in the history of man. And they tell the mournful desolations that have swept over society from this fascinating source. Curiosity to interest and incite, importance to cheer and encourage, difficulty to task and concentrate, must belong to a subject whose investigation can communicate perfection to the intellectual character. These essential traits are most felicitously blended in Christianity; and were it not for the fact that it drives its most pointed shafts at man's own character, and that which he most fondly loves, it would receive the spontaneous veneration of every mind. The novelty that hangs around the portals of the Christian's edifice, the difficulties that meet us on our passage to its centre, the sublime truth everywhere inscribed, the infinite importance it assumes, declare its tendency to intellectual development more intense, more capacious, and more universal, than the combined essence of all other systems. While it presents essential truth so plain that the feeblest of perception may comprehend, it nevertheless requires maturity of judgment, tenacity of memory, purity of logic, boldness of imagination, and the most patient study, for the solution of all its mysteries. The subject matter, the manner of its presentation, its histories, prophecies, and poetry—its examples, precepts, and ordinances—its philosophy, science, and religion, open a boundless field, glittering with gems of the brightest truth. Here each power of the mind finds an object upon which it may exercise itself, even for ever, with increasing delight and improvement. The intellect is so closely connected with the physical and spiritual natures, that derangement in either must thwart the perfection of mental development. That the appetites have ever claimed a notice to which they were not entitled, and that the affections have been dishonored, cannot be denied. Hence, saving Christianity, there never has been a system so wide in its embrace, so salutary in its influence, as to promise the perfection of intellectual character. The few who have stood erect in the general prostration of intellectual greatness, were those who, disheartened at their own unavailing struggles, had sat down in despair of aid from unassisted reason. Most gladly would they, while locked up in the chambers of doubt and conjecture, subject to agonizing suspense, have embraced a system that proffered to guide the world to the summits of perfection. Had Socrates, who bowed at the presence of truth, ever beheld Christianity, he would have done homage to its philosophy, even if forced to reject its authenticity.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Original.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY WILLIAM YOUNG.

CHRISTIAN biography is a subject of edifying and profitable contemplation—particularly so when the person or persons of whom account is given were distinguishedly pious. We herein behold the intrinsic worth of religion exemplified in a manner that elevates it in our esteem, strengthens our attachments to it, and excites in us desires to have both our hearts and lives brought more thoroughly under its experimental and practical influence. To subserve, if possible, these beneficial results, we shall present the following succinct biography of *one* who was deeply experienced in the things of God, and whose praise lives in every circle of her acquaintance.

ANN E. STILLEY was the youngest daughter of Randall and Sarah Russel. She was born Dec. 28, 1798, in Kent county, England. By her pious mother she was early instructed in the truths of the Christian religion. From her childhood she was piously inclined. She was a strict observer of the holy Sabbath, and uniformly discharged the duty of prayer. She also, in early life, connected herself with the Sabbath school, in which she continued—first as a pupil, and subsequently as a teacher—for several years. In both these relations to this institution she was distinguished—in the former, by her aptness in acquiring a knowledge of the holy Scriptures; and in the latter, by her diligence in imparting a knowledge of them to others.

In her fifteenth year she joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society. She was soon after happily converted to God. Her experience of religion was sound and clear—not a doubt lingered upon her mind in reference to her acceptance with God—"the Spirit itself bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God." From thenceforward she went on her way rejoicing. She also became a member of the "Stranger's Friend Society;" the object of which was to relieve the stranger in affliction, distress, or peril. In this society she operated with great usefulness, abounding in works of faith and labors of love.

In the year 1831 she immigrated with her relatives to America. She connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. She was a great lover of the doctrines and Discipline of our Church, and continued in close union with it until she was removed to the Church triumphant in heaven. She also united herself with the "Female Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in Cincinnati. In this praiseworthy association she served as an efficient manager for

several years, "visiting from house to house," praying with the sick and dying, and administering to the wants of the "suffering poor;" and, doubtless, through these means, she has caused "the blessing of many who were ready to perish to come upon her."

Not long after Mrs. Stilley received the blessing of pardon, her mind became deeply impressed with the importance of the blessing of sanctification. She believed this blessing to be clearly and positively promised in the Scriptures, and that it might be obtained by believers in the present life. She hence resolved that, by the help of God, she would seek it. This she continued to do, by fasting and prayer, and in a diligent use of all the means of grace, until early in the year 1841, when God invested her soul with the full blessing of sanctification from all sin. Of the reality of this great work she received a clear assurance; and ever after, "while memory held her seat," she retained a vivid recollection of the happy hour when she received the blessing of perfect love. She did not, however, conceal her "light under a bushel," but frequently declared to her brethren and sisters in the Church "the great things God had done for her." She not only professed the blessing of sanctification, but she lived it. Who ever heard Mrs. Stilley indulge in unchristian conversation? Who ever detected her in inconsistency of conduct? Her words were seasoned with grace, the law of kindness was written upon her heart, and love commanded her tongue, and her life was a practical, living comment on the elevated piety she professed.

Nearly three years since she was united in marriage to Mr. James Stilley, by which union she incurred the care of a large family. In this new and responsible relation, she was the same pious, holy woman—affectionate and devoted to her husband, and kind and motherly to a family of orphan children, whom she endeavored to "train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Sometime last fall she gave evidence of declining health. The disease which terminated her earthly career was of a complicated nature, which caused her to pass through a tedious and exquisitely painful course of suffering; but through the whole course her soul was happy in God—

"Not a cloud did arise to darken her skies,
Or hide for a moment her Lord from her eyes."

Amid some of her severest paroxysms of pain, she would say to her friends that stood by, "Let every breath be prayer. I know I am the Lord's—pray that if it be his will he would cut short his work, and take me home." At another time, when her paroxysm was so intense that her death was momentarily expected, she said, "Tell my brethren I die in full prospect of heaven and im-

mortal glory." Soon after she added, "Blessed Jesus, take me home!" Then turning to her friends she said, "O, pray, that if it be the will of God he may cut short the work, and take me home to heaven! O, kneel down and pray!"

On the Sabbath previous to her death, she desired her minister to come and administer the holy sacrament to her. We went, and whilst with her we partook of the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ, we realized that her chamber "was privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven." She was greatly blessed in the ordinance, and we all found it good to be there. When we took our leave of her, she being unable to speak, through prostration, we asked her, if she now realized Jesus precious, and had victory, through his blood, to give us a sign. She immediately gave us an affirmative, by raising her hand. Shortly after this she revived a little; and though realizing the most acute pain, she said, with joy beaming in her countenance, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." As her death drew near, her faith triumphed more and more. A few hours before she died, she was asked by her sister if God was still precious to her. She replied, her countenance bearing an unusually heavenly aspect, "O, yes; I wish I was able to tell you all about it; but this much—God is all in all to me." In this happy frame she continued until the bitterness of death was passed, and in her last moments raised her hand in token of complete triumph, through Jesus Christ. She died January 17, 1844. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord—they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

GOD GREAT IN ALL THINGS.

GOLDEN evening, rosy morning,
Gracious One! have their adorning
From thy hand, which frameth all.
Nothing is despised before thee,
E'en the least is touched with glory—
Thou regardest great and small.

To the lion food thou sendest,
And thy gracious ear attendeth,
When the raven nestlings cry;
Thou the floweret's grace bestowest,
E'en thy humblest working showeth
Boundless might and majesty!

By all knowledge unincumbered,
Thou our sighs and tears hast numbered;
Guard of childhood's weak estate;
Widows, orphans, hast thou cherished;
Heard the bondmen when they perished;
Thus art thou in all things great!

Original.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. HARLAN.

SHE stood in loneliness—the evening breeze
Wav'd the tall grass around her; and above
Rustled the boughs of the old oak that spread
Its giant branches toward the azure sky.
Her dark vail thrown aside reveal'd a face
Lovely amid decay. One pallid cheek
She fondly press'd to a lone monument,
And over it the evening twilight threw
A shade hueless and dim.

Anon she knelt.

The evening star gilded the horizon,
And one by one the higher orbs above
Looked down serenely thro' the dreamy night;
And while the moon rose up the starry vault,
She breath'd to the all-hearing ear of Heaven
The supplications of a broken heart.

What shall I to thy sacred altar bring,
God of the universe, to purchase peace?
They say there is a gift, offer'd aright
To thee, can bring joy to the lonely heart—
A balm to soothe the tortur'd bosom's grief—
A light to gild the widow's solitude.
Is this pure offering a parent's prayer?
Far, far beyond the ocean, in a vale
Among our highlands, now the breeze of night
Plays in the aged thorn above the couch
Where low my parents take their last repose.
Is it a brother's deep devotedness?
I have no brother. On the stormy deep
The winds conveyed him to his dreamless rest,
And wail to midnight shades his lasting dirge.
Is this pure offering a husband's love?
Ah, me! I kneel beside the monument
That marks his couch of everlasting sleep.
And my sweet boy, was this pure offering
His innocence? I saw the light of life
Fade from his lovely eyes, and the last sigh
That heav'd his little breast fell chill on mine
Too sadly, as it pass'd his parted lips,
And all was calm and still. This was my soul's
Last treasure. I have naught for thee, O, Heaven,
Save a poor broken heart.

This was the gift

That Heaven alone required; and while she knelt,
Her broken heart was healed. Years pass'd away,
And still that lonely widow's heart was glad.
But He who chastened her, came and receiv'd
Her to himself, that she might find repose;
For she was gather'd to the same green spot
On which she knelt at evening, when she gave
Her broken heart an offering to God.

Original.

OUR MISTAKES.*

THIS neighborhood was settled by Dutch yeomen, mostly rich, and by several distinguished families, who, living upon their manorial lands, held station, and affected to exclude those living in the town and engaged "in trade" from their society. Now, George, *malgre* his shop, had been admitted, and had become an especial favorite amongst this class—a distinction which, though gratifying to his vanity as a youth, was yet of no advantage to him. In point of family, he was of the same class as themselves; but in point of fortune very far below them. Yet within two years he had taken a wife from one of these families. And although the lady was an amiable, excellent woman, yet, as George was situated, it was a mistake to marry her. For he was too proud to let his wife live, if not as splendidly, at least in any less comfortable way than she had done in her father's house. And in making the effort to do this, he drew too heavily upon his income, or rather upon his receipts; for a good portion of what came into his hands was still due for the stock in his shop. And so from one cause and another he became embarrassed. At this he was only slightly alarmed at first, and hoped things might be better another year. This hope, entirely unfounded in circumstances, was but the airy offspring of a free imagination and a sanguine temperament; and was absurdly out of place amidst the realities and the liabilities of business. Finally, pay-day came, and with it came bankruptcy. Nor were the parents of the young couple, on either side, disposed to relieve them; for they saw that there had not been close attention enough to business to warrant its continuance. George was much mortified at his failure; and especially that he had involved his young wife in the suffering, or, as he expressed it, in the disgrace. When freed from his present involvements, his father-in-law gave a farm to his daughter; and George's mother supplied some funds for a new beginning. But unaccustomed to this sort of life, the young couple thought more of reciprocating the visits of their neighbors, than of attending to the proper business of their condition. They could not make up their minds to a few years' retirement from society—which is the only method of retrieval—so that matters were soon getting in bad train again. One great disadvantage of George's present position was, that the only Church within accessible distance was a Dutch one. And although he had been accustomed from early childhood to observance of the Sabbath, yet now he thought himself excusable from Church atten-

dance, because he did not understand the language in which the service was conducted. This was a *mistake* of moment; for although it were better to know the words of the service, yet the spirit of the occasion might have been observed and respected without them; and thus some admonition afforded to a course, where so much was needed.

The people of his neighborhood, though not addicted to the practice of "jockeying," in the gross sense of the word, were yet too fond of horses, and of Sabbath excursions—the idea that "Sunday is a day of leisure," was a general mistake amongst them. Its appropriate duties should fill the day; where they do not, something else of questionable tendency will. Now, George, without having any thing originally vicious in his disposition, yet with his ease of temper, fell readily into the vagrant habits of the community, who, having made or inherited fortunes, were what is termed "gentlemen at large"—namely, idlers and, practically, infidels.

From the sin of infidelity, George's early education, perhaps, saved him; for its influences had extended thus far into his life and swayed his mind, though it had not effectually controlled his outward actions. Whether a longer course of vagrancy, with its hardening effects, could have withstood the contagion, we may not say.

George had now a young family of three children; and doing not very well with his farm, he was smitten with the prevailing mania for western lands. And obtaining a loan from a younger brother, (the grandfather having left him a fortune,) he fits out forthwith for the journey and the speculation, believing that the adventure shall reimburse him for all former losses. But, alas! he cannot outgo himself—the habitual freeness of his life follows him in this, as in all other things. He leaves his health to take care of itself; and, as has ever been his wont, he gives his sole attention to the chief object, and leaves all accompaniments and accessories, which in a manner compose it, out of the question. And yet he was not reckless, nor had he any spirit of desperation in his character. But he was *heedless*. In the flush of his spirits, he *neglected his religion*. Had he been *prayerful*, the same sobriety of mind which constrained to this duty, should also have preserved his prudence and forethought, and he had been saved from these sad and fatal mistakes—fatal in the precise meaning of the term; for poor George, journeying in these wildernesses, traveling at late and early hours, taking the dews of night, and the damps of the impervious forest, exerting and overheating himself, brought on a most distressing and irremediable asthma, which, together with his disappointment and chagrin at the utter failure of all his hopes and schemes,

* Continued from page 87.

after the suffering of a twelvemonth, terminated in death, before he had attained his thirty-second year. Yet the prospect of an early grave was welcome to him. He seemed to himself old, from the variety of scenes he had passed through. His constitution shattered, his feelings worn, his spirits gone, he was indeed circumstantially old.

In reviewing his whole course we see the effects of bad management, and of a mere self-relying energy. He committed no actual crime—nothing certainly that called for condign punishment; yet, from the continual *presence of pride*—from the neglect of *business performances*—from his *short-comings of duty to God and to himself*—from all these *mistakes*, he no doubt suffered as much as if he had deserved and incurred what is termed capital punishment.

The second child of the family, the same as referred to in the above history, had become in infancy a great favorite with an aged and decrepid grandfather. The child was often taken to the invalid's room by his nurse; and rendering the little service of carrying his pipe to him, after the servant had lighted it, and childish prettinesses of the kind, he became a great favorite, and the old gentleman dying when the child was three years old, bequeathed to him a fortune of thirty thousand dollars. This bequest was esteemed by the family a cause of great joy; yet in the end it proved not so. It was rather unexpected, as the child was not a blood relation of the testator—the latter being a second husband of his grandmother. Little William being of a rather sickly constitution was, on this account, the more readily excused of his early education; so that when he should have been acquiring a knowledge of business, he was yet at his grammar and languages. The notion, too, of his possessing a fortune, created for him, without any idea of preference, a sort of domestic distinction over the rest of the children, as establishing certain immunities and indulgences, on the score of his being able to afford them. William was a good child, and naturally so meek, that he was as little hurt by this injudicious treatment as the case possibly admitted of. As he grew to manhood, he evinced strong principles of integrity. He possessed a good mind, and no deficiency of discernment; but from his own experience he could never distrust a human being; for in his course thus far all had bent to him. He had been occasionally annoyed by little selfishnesses incidental to such a training, hurting himself most of all. But these were not excessive, and did but serve to show how excellent a character had been interfered with by this wind-fall of fortune and its indulgences. His brothers and sisters had never the slightest envy of his superior fortune; but, perhaps, they loved him not quite as well as if the world—i. e., his townsmen—

looking on, had not so much praised him for the propriety and liberality of his course; for he was enabled to help his family, by loans to his brothers, and by presents to his sisters. And he did it freely. His brothers wished that they, like him, could afford to give, and be admired; and would sometimes observe that they, too, might occasionally have earned the meed of praise with only the same *means* of deserving it. Yet was there not ever any bitterness of feeling toward the more fortunate brother, but only at times a youthful longing and looking at this one-sided aspect of the world, its mistaken judgments, and its interested sympathies.

William, like his brothers, had, at an early age, decided on an active business, as his ultimate choice. His collegiate education had been postponed from year to year; and, finally, it was decided by his mother that he could do without any employment or profession. In a pecuniary sense it was correct that he might do without it; but, as an engrossment of time and character, it was indeed a *sad mistake* to judge so.

But William grew apace in the affections of all. Liberal and benevolent, he was a prime favorite with his associates, whom he could assist and oblige without looking for a return. In boyhood he could do this without materially embarrassing his property; but in manhood it was otherwise—extended purposes requiring greater sacrifices; and these, in many instances, were made by the obliging companion to the advancement of others, and to his own injury.

Finally, by the selfish purposes of others, was he induced to risk his safely-funded property in commercial speculations, which his previous ignorance of business rendered worse than doubtful. And soon, in the partnership of men of suspicious integrity, and by the fickleness of the winds and the waves, his whole property was dissipated, or enthralled, leaving him, at the age of twenty-eight, destitute and helpless as a child, with the embittered experience of a profligacy of which his own upright mind could hardly conceive the possibility.

We say he possessed integrity, and was upright. Yet these were but the spontaneous graces of nature, and subject, like all merely natural graces, to the drawbacks of others, and conflicting elements of his own character—subject to that human reliance upon his own strength, which forms its own mistake, and which, unallied to spiritual principles, is “altogether weakness.” William, as a merchant, had never been taught that, in his business, there was resource beyond himself, which, if asked, shall in season deter, or in season forward to prosperity and success. He lived before the brothers Rothschilds were known as merchants, or had yet given to the trading world, by their example of *prayer preceding the execution of every enterprise*, a noble

commentary—Israelites as they are—upon the excellency of a practical faith—asking, in all honesty, for success to honest plans, and receiving, probably, as much more than others, as that act—prompting and crowning their deliberate prudence, their consummate knowledge, their industrious and methodized practice—would deserve and insure.

It has been said, by a calculating and sagacious inquirer, that only three out of every hundred merchants succeed. The exception seems enormous! What can account for such mistakes in a known science? Perhaps there are only three in a hundred—though praying for other things—who add to their own prudence in merchandising that “wisdom which is from above.”

With chagrin and depression of spirits, William’s constitutional weaknesses took a deeper hold upon him. He visited the south in search of health; but contracted a fever and ague, and returned more enervated than he went; and closed his life, the victim of mismanagement and mistakes, in the thirtieth year of his age.

The reader deems him weak, and in conduct he, perhaps, was so; yet, in intellectuality, he was superior. Ever a great reader of history, he took the worthies of a golden age for the models of his own life, and practiced a disinterestedness which suited not the iron tone of the utilitarian age in which he lived.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

BARGAINING.

MRS. ELLIS, in that excellent work, the “Wives of England,” makes the following judicious remarks:

“Above all things to be guarded against in making bargains, is that of taking advantage of the poor. It is a cruel system carried on by the world, and one against which woman, with her boasted kindness of heart, ought, especially, to set her face—that of first ascertaining the position or degree of necessity of the party we deal with, and then offering a price accordingly. Yet how often do we hear the expression, ‘I get it done so well and so cheaply; for, poor things, they are in such distress, they are glad to do it for any price.’ And a pitiful sight it is to see the plain work and fine work that is done on such terms. A pitiful thing it is to think of the number of hours which must have been spent, perhaps in the endurance of hunger and cold, before the scanty pittance was earned; and to compare this with the golden sums so willingly expended at some fashionable milliner’s, where, because the lady of the house is not in want, the kind-hearted purchaser would be sorry to insult her feelings by offering less.”

VOL. IV.—16

Original.

BISHOP ROBERTS.

—
BY THE EDITOR.

THE history of Satan would be more entertaining to irreligious minds than that of Gabriel; and for the same reason that the biography of Napoleon interests them more than that of Wesley. They love comedy and tragedy, and without sin there can be neither. Holiness forbids the levity of the one, and the cruelty of the other. The life of an unsinning angel would present no variations abrupt enough for depraved tastes. Such variations abound in the rebellious career of fallen spirits. Hence, they are introduced by Milton, with great discrimination, as the bewitching theme of most inimitable song. And his choice, sound as his judgment was, (as well as the unrivaled popularity of his poem,) confirms the declaration with which we started. The hero of Milton’s sublimest passages is the prince of infernals; and, to the profane, the crisis of those passages is composed of Satan’s conflict and defeat.

Why is it so? We cannot answer the question. It would lead us beyond the “ultimate fact.” Morally, it infers diabolical depravity. It is, of itself, one of the most revolting expressions of that depravity.

It would be deemed a slander on mankind, if we should say that the fall has superinduced in us a sanguinary temper—an appetite for blood. Yet we are tempted to affirm and argue it. The tiger loves blood, and laps it with his tongue; and is it not probable that man, who suffers the severest curse from his own rebellious act, has some corresponding evil in his own lapsed nature? Doubtless he has. He also loves blood—loves it in pictures—loves it in fictions—in a word, his *imagination* loves it. If we adhere to facts, we must proceed still farther. In a posture of conscious self-security, he (we lament to add *she*) is fond of it, as a spectacle to gaze upon. If called on to sustain this unchivalrous reproach, we would point to the bull-baitings of continental Europe, gotten up to entertain a Catholic queen and her ladies; and to the recent public execution at Columbus.

One thing more must be named in this connection. Whoever is enterprising in sin, with whatever results, is watched and heard of, by persons of merely curious minds, with deeper interest than he who, with the same industry and issues, is enterprising in virtue. The cases may have similar features, in their progress and conclusion, except that there shall be *moral* opposition; yet let their history be written with a precisely equal amount of graphic, poetic, and rhetorical felicity, and that only which chronicles vicious deeds and enter-

prises will be greedily devoured by the irreligious world. For this we can suggest one reason only; and whether it be a reason, we refer to each one's judgment. Those narratives are most exciting which set forth our own experience. A Christian loves to hear of another's religious feelings and enjoyments, because they harmonize with what he himself has felt. This imparts a zest to class meetings and love feasts. But the unconverted have no experience of evangelical virtue—of the workings of Christian benevolence; yet they are familiar with moral depravity in various forms, having felt its pride, envy, covetousness, selfishness, fierce revenge, and murderous malice, in their own vile hearts. And when these diabolical tempers and passions are set forth in their outward manifestations, by the pen of the historian or the poet, the unsanctified (feeling that the malignant impulses of their own bosoms constitute a counterpart) can but feel a lively interest in the graphic representation.

If these statements and reasonings be admitted, it follows, as a corollary, that whoever sketches the character of a great *good* man, may fear that to many his theme will be unattractive. But to the pious there is a charm in goodness. They contemplate *virtue* as sublime; and whether its career is fraught with bold adventure, or is in the form of unpretending beneficence, they will trace it with edifying interest. And one reason is, that they have learned to associate it with the grace of God—they trace it to its proper source—the cross.

The character of Bishop Roberts is a theme for *pious* minds. It displays nothing bold, and is associated with nothing tragic or romantic. He never commanded conquering armies, nor directed the sacking and burning of towns or cities. He never met a challenged foe or friend in mortal combat. We know not that he ever fell among thieves, or escaped an ambush, or suffered imprisonment or shipwreck. His life is not a region of mountains and valleys—these so deep and covert that the sunbeams cannot penetrate them, and those so lofty as to be crowned with summer snows. Yet, like a rolling country, it has charms of some sort, even as the prairie, with its groves and wild flowers, is by no means devoid of nature's graces and enchantments. He who loves nothing but crags and cataracts, need not read this description; but whoever delights to trace a stream in its gentle meanderings through fields, which it moistens and fertilizes, may feel some interest in this brief notice. Probably a more satisfactory description of the character of this patriarch, will appear in the forthcoming biography by Dr. Elliott.

Bishop Roberts was comely in his person. His stature was about five feet, ten inches. His frame was heavy and robust, and in middle and later life

corpulent. But his old age was not helpless; and up to within a year of his death, (beyond which we did not see him,) his walk and all his motions indicated that he was formed for physical action and endurance. God, who called him, at a given period, to a work which demanded much physical force, endowed him, in this respect, for his vocation. He sat, stood, and moved, with great dignity, in private and in public, without any effort or stiffness. There was great uniformity in his appearance and manners. He was never caught in a slight overt swell, or momentary pompousness, as though the inner man were slightly high-blown, or the sails of his soul were unreefed under the sudden pressure of a breeze of favor or applause. And as he was not easily puffed up—a mood which we challenge all willing or unwilling witnesses to charge on him—so neither was he wont to be cowered. He endured ill treatment, if necessary, with the calm dignity of unaffected meekness. We once saw him tested in this way; and in no circumstances did he ever win from us greater admiration.

He had large—not gross—features. His countenance expressed as much of manly benignity as the human face can well set forth. His eye was blue; and its *calmness* was particularly noticeable. Under provocations to inward change, it did not report much that seemed worthy of notice, except that the provocation had taken little or no effect. In a word, it was not a *kindling* eye. It did not, under the colorings of inward emotion, sparkle with inflamed lustre. We cannot describe this feature of the Bishop better than to say he had a *calm, blue eye*. His personal presence—“*tout ensemble*”—was truly venerable, and commanded great respect.

His manners were wholly suited to his profession, and his sphere. He was exceedingly unaffected, which is more important than any other single item in reckoning up the severalties of what is called “good manners.” His artlessness was manifest to all, for it was unequivocal as sunshine. Every glance, and smile, and cadence, was in the spirit and the style of true *simplicity*. This being uniform, imparted a peculiar charm to his cheerful domestic and social fellowships. He was, in heart, sincere. And when an actor is without disguise, his movements will, of course, seem unconstrained. His were so. In private and in public, *naturalness* was so prominent in the Bishop's character, that the most unpracticed observer would scarcely fail to remark it.

We shall err, if we conclude that this simplicity had in it any thing improperly juvenile or childish. Incompetent judges, who knew not his station and character, might blunder, and infer that, as he was plain and unpretending, so, also, he was

without merit and consideration; but there was little danger that he should be so mistaken by sagacious and experienced observers.

Nor must it be inferred that he had not the talent, or inclination, to judge of the manners of those with whom he mingled. None noticed more promptly than he did, the improprieties of behavior which occurred under his observation. We have seen him blush like an embarrassed child, at the errors and self-exposure of others in the conference-room, when he had no manner of concern in the misfortune, except an interest of sympathy for the perpetrator of the folly. On one occasion, when a rule of conference prescribed that no member should speak a second time on any resolution, till all others, who desired it, had enjoyed the opportunity, two brethren arose together. The Bishop awarded the floor to the elder, who had not yet spoken. But the younger, who had already made two efforts, commenced declaiming in the most impassioned tones. "That brother," said the Bishop, "is now up the *third time*, and here is a much older brother on his feet, who has not spoken at all. The rules give him the floor, and I wish he might be permitted to speak—I think the conference wish to hear him." Meanwhile, the younger speaker was under full way, and, in the heat of his endeavor, never paused to hear what the Bishop said. The members on all sides were staring at his effrontery with astonishment, and could scarcely restrain their indignation. The Bishop said no more; but his face was crimsoned with blushes for the misfortune of the young orator, who had placed himself in a position so repulsive before his brethren and the spectators.

The religion of Bishop Roberts was deep, ardent, uniform, and active. His piety was *deep*. Early subdued by Divine grace, the spirit of religion had become as a second nature.

Some of us were so late in our return to God, (blessed be his name that we were ever brought to love him!) that our religion, though it makes us joyful in Christ, seems scarcely to set easy or naturally upon us, as it does on those who were early and faithful in their profession. Like scholars without early advantages, who are always apt to betray the defects of juvenile training, by incorrect orthography, or some other little matter, and whose science, though extensive, does not appear to form a part of their mental constitution, (as it does in cases of precocious scholarship;) so sinful tempers and habits, long indulged and strongly fortified, do sometimes, after the heart is changed, mar the symmetry of Christian character. But Bishop Roberts was an example of the intimate blending of our holy religion with all the sanctified elements of the being. There was an unconstrained religiousness in all his types of man-

ner, in every mood, which was exceedingly proper and attractive. He never seemed to *strive* to be religious, but appeared to be spontaneously so. Doubtless, he *did* strive; but the effort itself had become so much a habit, that it did not look like striving.

His piety was *ardent*. It was not light without heat—a phosphorescence which could neither kindle nor consume. It is true, that he was well trained in Christian doctrines and ethics. He was sufficiently meditative; and his *intellect* was religious. But this is so common, especially with the ministers of Christ, that it need not be testified of those who occupied prominent ecclesiastical stations. But ardent devotion is another thing—less common, and not certainly to be inferred from any man's sphere, however responsible or prominent. But none could be intimate with the Bishop, and note his manners in private and in public, without gathering sufficient proofs that his heart, as well as his understanding, was deeply imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and was controlled by the impulses of charity and inward godliness.

On this point, we testify what we have witnessed in various circumstances, and at different times. We never saw him at class meeting; but we observed him at prayer meetings and love feasts. There he seemed to forget that any other dignity ever attached to him than that of the humblest follower of the Lamb. In 1841 we saw him rise to speak in a large love feast. He commenced thus: "Brothers and sisters, I feel a desire to rise and tell you what Jesus has done for *my* soul." Struck with the simplicity, and the *commonness* of his language, we immediately treasured it up in our memory. Had a stranger to Bishop R. entered the door at that moment, he would probably (but for his position in the pulpit) have set the speaker down as a plain old farmer, of good sense and sincere piety, but far less episcopal in his manner than half the brethren present. And he would have inferred, from his manner, that his whole heart was absorbed in the one great and glorious interest of personal religion—of seeking and enjoying the in-dwelling God. Sanguine temperaments, though chastened and subdued, when kindled by fire from heaven, as was the heart of Bishop Roberts, are apt to glow, as his did, with intense ardor. We have said he had not a kindling eye; but he had a flaming heart. He was no stranger to deep emotion. We have seen him when grace was a flame in the soul, and he scarcely knew how to express his rapture. We remember that once, as he sat behind a preacher who spoke with great zeal, he burst out in a loud and passionate exclamation, and *might* have been pronounced, by certain Christians of the colder sort, "beside" himself.

But it may be asked, how so much ardor could have been blended with the calmness, or *evenness*, which we have ascribed to him. We answer, that it depends in part upon the fact, that his religion was also *uniform*. It did not kindle up, to blaze a moment, and then expire. It was a lamp well fed, and always lighted. We often find ardor blended with variableness; and this begets a prejudice in our minds against it. But, then, this variableness is an accidental, not a necessary accompaniment of glowing Christian zeal. Angels are all ardor, yet never waning in their holy zeal and raptures. So of glorified saints, who "rest not day nor night." And as in heaven, so on earth there may be in us *unremitted* ardor. Paul, Fletcher, and (near the close of life) the godly Payson, are examples to the point. Bishop Roberts belonged to the same class in the great Teacher's school.

His piety was *active*. No monkish tendencies restrained his inward zeal. In a hermit's cell, or the ascetic's cloister, he would have been as an eagle caged. A continent was narrow enough for him. Like the "angel flying through the midst of heaven," his charity sought audience of nations. Think of the expanded field of his ministry; and instead of gradually diminishing it, as advancing age might have suggested, in the very last Spring months of his life he breaks away from the assigned bounds of his episcopal toil, and, unappointed of all but God, plunges into western wilds, on extra missions toward the setting sun. We know not how the miasmatic agencies of the unsettled regions through which he then traveled affected his health, or were remotely connected with his death; but we think of him in these extreme wanderings as we think of the setting sun, when, in his pure and cloudless occident, he seems to pour his brightest beams over the landscape, as he pauses a moment to bid the hemisphere adieu.

As a preacher, his manner was earnest rather than impassioned. He spoke with great fluency, and his words were well chosen. They did not seem to be "sought out," and yet they were "acceptable." He never labored for thoughts or language. They came spontaneously, like water flowing downward. He was a student, yet his sermons never "smelt of the lamp." To the writer he was one of the most impressive speakers, and yet we can scarcely tell why. He had the same unaffected manner in the pulpit, which rendered him so agreeable in private.

His discourses were didactic, yet by no means wanting in hortatory effect or pathos. They were very systematic, without any apparent labor or pains to make them so. His eye, as we have already described it, did not speak to the audience by intense, wild flashings, but its calm and benev-

olent expression most pleasingly impressed the hearer. He was free from defect—was, as an orator, in this respect perfect.

It is said of Curran, that in his common mood he was vapid and wholly uninteresting—that his person was diminutive and his attire slovenly—that his gestures were ungraceful, his countenance spiritless, and his eye perfectly destitute of the sparkle of genius, or even the light of intelligence. When he commenced a forensic address, the witnesses say he was inanimate and repulsive, and that a stranger would have been tempted, by his unpromising appearance, to withdraw from the court-room. But as he pursued his argument, and his heart waxed warier under its inspiration, the man was strangely transformed into the *orator*. It is affirmed that his very stature seemed to change, and he rose in the eye of the astonished spectator into a form of the most imposing and commanding dignity. His unmeaning features were remolded, and became all animate and seemingly immortal with the kindling fervors of his roused and glowing genius, until—to use the language of a celebrated writer—"he alone seemed to be majestic in creation."

This was not Bishop Roberts. He was no such orator as Curran. Yet he was an orator. We hazard nothing in emphatically re-affirming that he was an orator. For eloquence is as various as beauty. It is now a torrent, and now a gently flowing stream—now a rushing tempest, and now a soft, refreshing breeze. But it is always something that charms the inward sense, which was precisely the effect of the Bishop's happy efforts.

His delivery was uniform. It was a full current from the beginning, and flowed on evenly to the end. He commenced with a pitch of the voice which all could hear distinctly. He never committed the most glaring of all errors in a public speaker—that of restraining the voice at the beginning, so that not a fourth of the audience can gather his meaning for the first ten minutes, and, of course, must lose the force of what remains. Unlike Curran and many others, the first sentence of his lips began to find favor with the hearer.

We will add—not so much for his memory's sake, as for the good of Christ's living ministers—that Bishop Roberts *preached from experience*; not that he spoke *of* himself, but *from* himself; that is, he testified what he had felt and therefore knew. When he proclaimed that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save," it was not a mere speculation, affirmed to him by Scriptural authority, sacred as it is; but it was also an experimental verity, assured to him by unequivocal consciousness—by the witnessing of the Divine Spirit with his own. He was not—as we fear many are in the sight of the great Shepherd—a hireling, whose

profane end is worldly gain. He made merchandise of none. He was not a nurse applying the spoon or bottle, to feed others on what himself had never tasted, and could not relish. He first feasted his own soul on the life-giving promises, and, then, like a mother to her infant, he poured out the "sincere milk of the word" from his own overflowing bosom, to the precious nurslings of Christ's growing family. Happy pastor, who thus cherishing the flock, is himself fed in distributing to others!

Let us, in conclusion, glance at the character of Bishop Roberts, as it was unfolded in his last and most responsible relation to the Church. The functions with which he was clothed, by the free and competent suffrages of his ecclesiastical peers, (and by the act of the whole Church, represented in his peers,) brought upon him the severest embarrassments of his ministerial life, and afforded the surest test of his integrity and worth.

He was a bishop. That office he derived from the purest source, and executed by the highest warrant known upon earth. In harmony with its holy origin and perfect sanction, (we speak not now of carnal successions, or other wanton fables,) his episcopal duties were exceedingly onerous, and influential to an unrivaled extent. His incumbency was not like that of a mere diocesan, with a flock of two, five, or ten thousand souls. His concurrent jurisdiction was over hundreds of thousands. The *clergy* alone of his supervision, were more than the membership of three or four surrounding dioceses of a sister Church.

In this elevated sphere, he proved to all how richly, for self-control and public duty, the grace of God endowed him. He still "magnified his office." What was worthy of special notice in his episcopal career, may be set forth under the heads of *meekness, diligence, decision, and discretion*.

And first in order is his meekness. In him the "bishop" did not spoil the man, nor mar the Christian, nor, by exalting, minify the minister. *Bishop* Roberts was never in the way of *Mr.* Roberts, *brother* Roberts, or *Rev.* R. R. Roberts. The apostle did not hinder the disciple. If *primus inter pares*, (first among equals,) he did not forget the important fact that his *peers placed him first*, and that through them "the Holy Ghost made him overseer." It was a pleasant thing to sit beside him in the parlor, or before him in the conference-room, and note with what Christian modesty and meekness he indulged his free communings with all the flock of God.

In 183- a declaimer against bishops lectured in N., where we were stationed. He described them as lordly and tyrannical, passing through the country in a style not much less magnificent than that of

the finical *Borgia*, the pompous son of the Pope. The citizens became indignant at Methodism, which fostered, as they supposed, a high-blown aristocracy. A few weeks after, Bishop Roberts providentially came along, and spent a Sabbath with us. The news spread on all sides, that one of the puffed up *magnates* would preach at eleven o'clock. The house was early over-filled with the curious and the prejudiced, to witness a *display*. In due time forth came the Bishop in his worn calico "robe," (which probably cost twelve and a half cents per yard,) with all his other vestments in strict keeping with its splendor. Seldom were a people more surprised than at his appearance and address. And as the good old man preached Jesus in his usual artless tones and manner, the strong premature current of indignation was changed to the most unbounded admiration. The next day the irreligious on all sides were uttering bold denunciations against "the hypocritical vilifier of Methodist bishops;" and not long after, the seceders, to whom that man had lectured, gave up their new church, returned in a body, and left no relic, as we are aware, of their former disaffection towards Episcopal Methodists, or their bishops.

As to his *diligence*, enough has been said to prove that he was not an idler in the vineyard. No man could consecrate his energies more undividedly to the cause of Christ. Through the infirmities of age and the power of disease, he failed in a few instances to perform the labor which fell to him in the division of the work. But the only wonder is, that he did not oftener fail. And it is admirable that some of his colleagues, as though a new life inspired their sinking age, and renewed in them their palmy vigor, should continue to traverse the continent, like the apostle "taking pleasure in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon them." We have had, as yet, no sinecures in the high places of our Zion; and from what is past, there seems no special need to guard with dread suspicion against that misfortune. The spirit of our superintendents has been strongly antagonist thereto; and if more than are needed for these duties were set apart for the office, we presume the evil would find a cure. The course of Dr. Fisk, and the voluntary surrender of his prerogatives by Bishop Roberts, in 1836, which the conference so suddenly (and perhaps wisely) declined to accept, warrant the hope that bishops will not so multiply as to become an irreformable reproach, or an overburden to our Zion. God grant, in his mercy, that like Roberts and his colleagues, we may retain in this high office men who shall continue abundant in labors, and who shall feel, "*it matters not where I fall, so that I fall at my post.*"

Decision was a trait in the character of Bishop Roberts. When necessary for public ends, he was

immovable as a rock. Not that he was *obstinate*. It is a legal principle that "the law minds not little things." Neither did Bishop Roberts. He would not contend for trifles, nor for what merely concerned himself. There must be something which he deemed worthy to inspire decision, and then it was inspired. If the Church was concerned in some measure that seemed to threaten danger or expose to harm, he stood in the breach. Peaceable as he loved to be, and retiring and self-sacrificing as he usually was, when duty demanded, he was ready to "speak with the enemy in the gate." In our church judicatories, when disorder arose and long forbearance proved unavailing, with what effect did he finally put forth his presiding power, to reprove inattention, and command order in business and debate. Many will recollect examples in which he instantly hushed the confusion of the conference-room, and secured the prompt and decorous attention of every listless member to the subject in hand. Yet all this was generally done with a spirit and manner so conciliatory, as to provoke no other than the kindest feelings.

Finally, though he was decided, he was also *discreet*. Like a judicious commander in the battlefield, he would throw himself into any posture of responsibility or danger, if some exigency rendered it his duty. But never would he do it wantonly, or for mere love of power. He invoked no episcopal prerogatives where the law of the Church did not prescribe their use. Like the high priest of the theocracy, he would, when permitted, gladly lay aside Urim and Thummim. He loved his *robe* of office only when he must execute its *functions*. He knew *when*, as well as *how*, "to be exalted and abased;" and of the two the latter was preferred.

It follows that he was concentric in his official movements. He never plunged into spheres which did not need and claim him. He was as careful not to transcend, as he was prompt to approach the line of duty. Like the morning star, (for thus had Christ appointed his radiant goings forth,) he was content to shed a lustre on his own ordained circle, without impinging on remote or smaller bodies; for he remembered that all the stars are held "in His right hand;" and that, if harmony prevails, each lends a grace to others, by diffusing another charm, or revealing another glory, in that moral hemisphere which does contain them all.

Some who trace this record, may question the claim set up in behalf of Bishop Roberts. That he was a godly man they will scarcely deem doubtful. But, "as an elder and a bishop, whence came his ordination? Had he the true succession?" We anticipate such queries, on no other ground than because the times are fruitful of them. They seem, indeed, to be nearly all that certain soils can now

produce. For in what is called the Church, many regions once productive, are now become cold and sterile, impoverished by we know not what imprudence of their cultivators. And when charity and zeal can no more grow, like fields bearing thorns, they produce things unwholesome; and sinister, proud challenges, like those above suggested, are sometimes scattered here and there, amongst many other sorts equally unsightly and unsavory. But if such a growth is met in this or that field, it were better not to curse, but if any thing reform it. And with this simple hope we will give a meek reply.

There is a true succession. And he who is not in it can be no minister of Christ in any sphere. He is alien from all orders, whether of deacon or presbyter, till he floats in the current of this true succession. The only question is how to find it. Some will have it traced from the apostles, biographically, setting down names as links in this lengthened chain of priesthood. But this labor is all useless, for two conclusive reasons:

1. It is so in *science*, for we have no means to come at certainty, or even probability, in regard to the necessary facts. We might nearly as well go to "Thaddeus of Warsaw" for such a line of succession, as to more-frequented annals. For one breach is confessed to be as fatal as a thousand; and that there are several breaches, is beyond all dispute.

2. This labor is useless, because the Bible nowhere teaches that such a succession, could it be traced, has any virtue in it. It promises no such chain. But it "provides a better thing for us."

If we wish to find what course the streamlet takes through half a dozen fields, we must not stand by the fountain and judge by the pointings of its first outflows. Ascend the brow of the hill, and cast your eye over the adjoining meadows. Do you see yonder lines of rich, rank green, parted here and there by the willows? Note how it winds this way and that, first through one and then another man's inclosure. That line of fruitfulness represents the true succession. You need not trace the stream from its source. Cross those fields in any direction, and where you strike that line of luxuriance, you touch the true succession. These fields are the Churches. Examine them. Minutely scan that which claims to be "*the Church*." Trace its fruitful streams. With its aspects before you, turn to Methodism. See her converts in hundreds of thousands, springing "up as willows by the water courses," and then say whether Asbury, M'Kendree and Roberts, with all their fellow laborers, whose ministrations were the channels through which these streams of life did flow, were without the gifts and callings of an approved apostleship.

NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF MISS CATHARINE REYNOLDS, of Poughkeepsie, New York: with selections from her diary and letters. Edited by Rev. G. Coles. New York: 1844. Christian biography is eminently calculated to rouse and instruct the disciple of Jesus. So far as *direct* religious influence is concerned, it is questionable if the "Life of Hester Ann Rogers" is not one of the most useful volumes in our language. How many holy women among the Methodists have been impelled by its recitals to follow Jesus closely. Through it, Mrs. R. is now speaking to thousands and hundreds of thousands in more persuasive accents than when she was a living witness. Then her words were right and forcible, and were borne home by the remarkable purity of her bright and lovely example. But that example then lacked one thing. It had not yet the finish of a certain perseverance unto the end, and a calm, triumphant death. In her memoir, we look upon the finished portrait. We see it under the last touches of the divine pencil.

With such views of the value of Christian biography, we cannot but speak favorably of all contributions of this character, which possess intrinsic merit, as is the case with the book now before us. The merit of such a book consists of worthiness in its subject, and such a delineation of the character as shall exhibit that worthiness in a just and proper light.

Mr. Coles has added one to the several excellent books of this sort which contribute so much to aid our members in their pilgrimage to heaven. Miss C. R. was a very proper subject of public biographical notice. She was gifted and devout. The Lord set her on high amongst his daughters, and it was right and meet that one who shone so brightly in her life should leave a reflected light behind her. Mr. Coles has executed the interesting office of arranging her papers for the press, with various edifying remarks and explanations from his own judicious pen, in a manner perfectly satisfactory. As a specimen of Miss R.'s manner of writing, as well as for the interest which attaches to the character of Dr. Fisk, we present the following extract:

"President Fisk is no more! O, that his mantle may descend and rest on his successor, whoever he may be, that shall be called to fill the vacated seat and office held by this truly eminent and devoted man of God! Well do I remember his pale but highly illuminated countenance; that noble but slender frame, as he stood up before the audience, the only time I ever heard the sound of his voice. It was during the sitting of conference here. With what pleasure did I listen to the cadences of his eloquent voice, and to his impassioned appeals to the hearts of his hearers! His animated countenance even *now* presents itself to the eye of my mind. I can almost see its kindling radiance, and hear the words falling from his lips, burning with heavenly zeal and earnestness, as in tones, mild and silvery sweet, he awakened his hearers to the delightful truth contained in his text, 'Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.' Long shall I remember that text, and that memorable sermon, which to me seemed breathed from inspired lips. Oft have I wished to list again to another such appeal: but ah! that can never be. He now sleeps in Jesus. 'The silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern.' All animal and vital functions have ceased, and the clay tabernacle has be-

come motionless as the cold Parian marble. Yes, that man of noblest mind is dead! Who can supply his place? Who can speak of the many virtues which shone conspicuously in this noble, but unostentatious man, whose life will furnish matter for volumes; whose writings will be a rich legacy to his family, friends, and the Church, and for generations to come? O, that we may emulate the virtues that adorned the inestimable, respected, and beloved Dr. Fisk! The tasks, and pains, and labors of life are with him all over: all the ills of life, to which his suffering body was long subject, are forgotten. The conflict with the "king of terrors" is over! He has received the crown which awaits the righteous; and having well improved the talents committed to his care on earth, has received the cheering plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' O, what love, what joy, what glory now swells his soul as he sings, 'Glory to God in the highest,' in the blissful regions where all tears are wiped away; where sorrow and sighing can never come, and pain and death are felt and feared no more. O! 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'"

METHODIST MINISTERS, TRUE MINISTERS OF CHRIST. *A Discourse delivered in the Centenary church, Richmond, on the evening of Friday, the 17th of November, 1843, under the appointment of the Virginia annual conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. Leroy M. Lee. Richmond: 1844.*—Mr. Lee's text is, John xv, 16. His leading propositions are,

I. Jesus Christ is the source of ministerial authority.

II. Ministerial character and success are the only evidences of ministerial authority.

These points are forcibly and conclusively argued. He proves that a "Divine call" is the only foundation of a right to enter on the discharge of ministerial duties. In answer to the question, what is a Divine call, he shows, negatively, that, 1st, *Parental dedication* to God is not a Divine designation to its functions; nor, 2d, *Education* for that intent; nor, 3d, *Ordination*; but, 4th, The "personal designation of Christ"—the Head of the Church. Under this head he has the following remarks:

"But we deny the whole theory of the transmission of ministerial powers; and dispute and reject the doctrine of succession on which it rests. The fact of apostolical succession, as it is so confidently called, is no fact at all. It is devoid of all the elements of sound essential truth; and involves principles too strange and contradictory for the sober verities of history. On the pages of just legitimate history, its course is as tortuous and intangible as *the way of a serpent upon a rock*. Its genealogies are fables, defying all evidence, and only sustained by the crucifixion of truth and spirituality; its morals, are canonized impieties; its fruits, sanctimonious arrogance, and the privilege of imposing upon human credulity by displacing the ancient landmarks of religion, introducing *another Gospel*, and substituting tradition for Scripture, the ministry for Christ, and ordination for the *unction of the Holy One*. The whole fabric is reared *on the sand*, and upheld by assumptions as unworthy of Christianity, as they are unbecoming its accredited ministers."

Under the second general head, Mr. Lee notices the following points:

"1. A consideration of the end for which the ministry was established, will show the necessary dependence of

legitimate ministerial authority upon the possession of a ministerial character.

"2. A consideration of the mission on which the ministry is sent, will show, that without fruitfulness in winning souls to Christ, there can be no real and sufficient proof of ministerial authority."

This discourse is well suited to the times; and was exceedingly appropriate in a conference of faithful ministers, who, in the region where they labor, are among the chief instruments of the Gospel's efficiency; yet are pointed out to the public as graceless intruders in the Lord's spiritual vineyard. We regret the necessity of such an argument on such a topic; but the necessity does exist, and Mr. Lee has ably executed the task which it imposed on him.

A LECTURE delivered to the students of the *Medical College of Ohio*, at the opening of the session, 1843-4. By Professor M. B. Wright, M. D.—The Professor embraces in his range of thought, three topics, viz:

1. The science of medicine as a compilation of truth.
2. The integrity of the profession.
3. Its moral courage.

The first is the leading topic, and shows that in the cure of diseases, physicians must proceed upon the principles of induction. We have no doubt that a sound system of practice constitutes a department of natural philosophy in which experiment alone must be the physician's guide—not his own experiments, for these, when he enters on his career, must be insufficient for his purpose—but the experiments of the profession in successive centuries, as their results are recorded in medical books.

THE BENEFITS ACCRUING TO SOCIETY FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. *An Introductory Lecture, delivered Nov. 18, 1843.* By Professor John P. Harrison, M. D.—Dr. Harrison's address notices briefly the three liberal professions, and then dwells at large on his own. Its benefits he considers as direct and indirect. The indirect consist of its contributions to general science—such as Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, and other branches of natural science, (denying, however, that the vagaries and fooleries of Phrenology and Animal Magnetism are included in the sciences,) and a wholesome moral influence, as, for instance, in the temperance reformation, and in beneficence toward the poor.

The direct benefits of the profession are included in the *prevention*, removal, and mitigation of diseases. Dr. Harrison is an excellent writer, as well as an eloquent advocate for his profession; and both of the learned professors, whose introductions we here notice, exemplify in their lives, so far as mental labors and moral worth are concerned, what honorable men in their arduous profession should always strive to be.

THE CINCINNATI JOURNAL OF HEALTH, devoted to instructions in Anatomy and Physiology, and the means of preserving Health. Edited by Leonidas M. Lawson, M. D., Editor of the *Western Lancet*; Lecturer on General Anatomy and Physiology.—In addition to that valuable monthly, "The Lancet," which is intended principally for the faculty, Dr. Lawson has issued this first number of a more practical journal, intended for family use. This, as a specimen number, seems to us well suited to its professed purpose. It does not attempt to teach us how to restore health when it is materially impaired, but how to preserve it, by avoiding occasions of sickness. It is an octavo of sixteen pages, at 10 cts.

per number. May it have a wide circulation. The *Lancet* is still continued, and as far as we can judge, each succeeding number improves rather than depreciates. It is, undoubtedly, worthy of the most extensive patronage, and will we trust receive it.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of the state of Ohio, for the year 1843.—This interesting document proclaims the continued prosperity of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. It seems, however, that the receipts of the institution have fallen short of its expenditures the last year to the amount of \$1410. Improvements are also needed to accommodate a larger number of pupils, and an appropriation of \$10,000 is recommended for that object. The building was designed to accommodate fifty or sixty pupils, whereas eighty-three were taught in it the last year. The document contains a catalogue of the pupils, from which we gather that five only are from Hamilton county. Thirty out of the eighty-three were born deaf. The remainder became so by the influence of various diseases. We trust that no necessary appropriations will be withheld from this excellent institution. Such provisions of philanthropy and Christian charity for the unfortunate of our race, are the fairest monuments of a nation's glory. As it may directly interest some of our readers, we append the following rules respecting the admission of pupils:

"1. Pupils are admitted into the Asylum for one hundred dollars for the session, of ten months, payable quarterly, in advance. This sum covers all expense, except for clothing, traveling to and from Columbus; and, in case of sickness, the physician's bill.

"2. The annual session commences on the first day of October, and ends on the first day of August. Pupils are admitted at the beginning of the session and at no other time, except in extraordinary cases. This rule ought to be carefully observed; and those who delay may be altogether excluded, even if they have been previously in the Asylum.

"3. The vacation lasts from the first of August to the first of October. Payment must be made at the rate of \$1 50 per week, for those pupils who are permitted to remain in the Asylum during the vacation.

"4. Application for admission may be made to the Rev. James Hoge, Columbus, Secretary of the Board, or to Mr. H. N. Hubbell, Principal of the Asylum; and every application should be accompanied by testimonials from the Associate Judges of the proper county, or other responsible persons, respecting the suitableness of the applicant to be received and educated, agreeably to the design of the Legislature.

"5. All applicants must, in order to be admitted, be free from immoralities of conduct, and from contagious and offensive diseases.

"6. It is expected that all pupils shall come at the very beginning of the term, and continue until its close; and that they all, and especially the state pupils, shall remain in the Institution during the entire course of study—five years—unless providentially prevented.

"7. It is recommended that pupils should be sent at the age of ten or twelve years, and that, previously, they should be taught to write, and to know their own name, and the names of their parents, and brothers, and sisters, and place of residence.

"8. The clothes of the pupils, which require washing, should be marked with the full name of the owner."